

# Cane Toad Times

Australia's Humour Magazine



**Art & Perversion Issue**

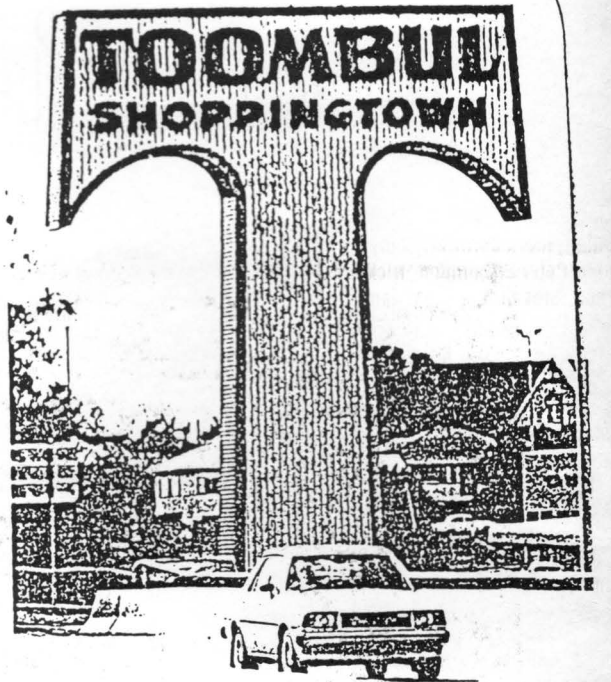
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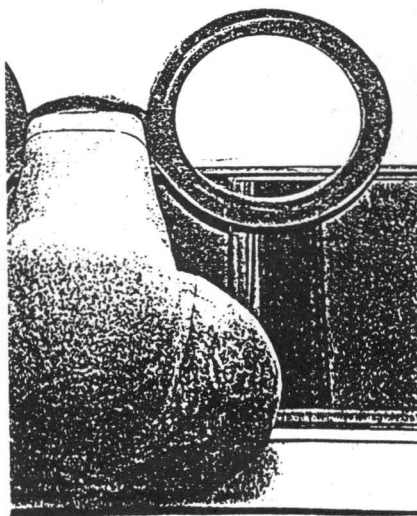
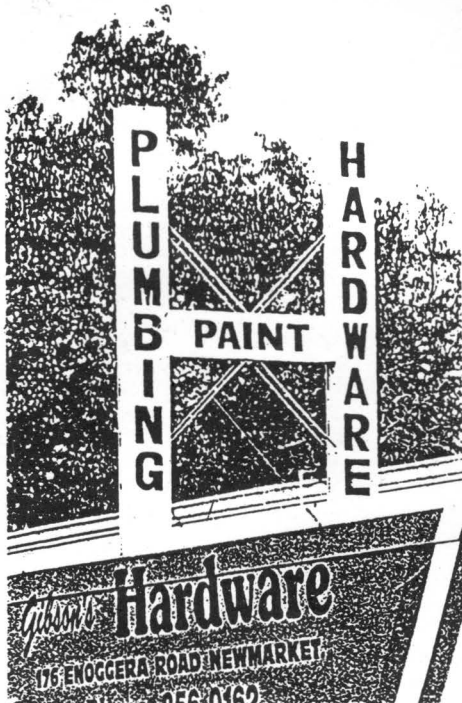
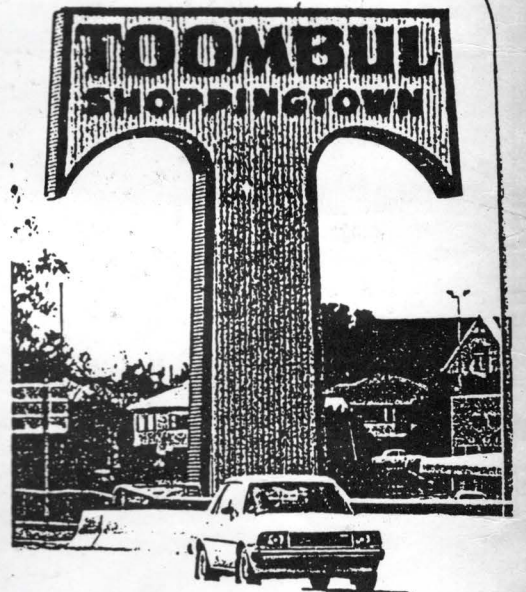
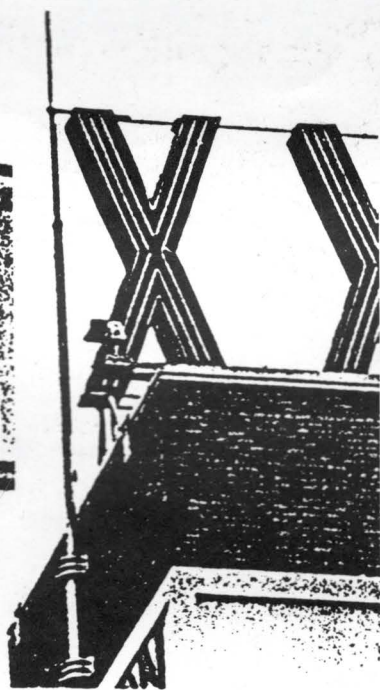
**BIG**

**A**

**R**  
ALIGN



**and**





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Contribution to the Cane Toad  
Times is a risk you must all  
take, now! We will read your  
articles and stories, look at  
your cartoons and photographs,  
and laugh our heads off. Then if  
we like them we'll put them in  
the magazine. You won't get  
any money (none of us do!) but  
you'll be laughed at by  
millions! We hope that by then  
all your friends will subscribe  
instead of reading your copy  
and we'll sell a lot more  
magazines and maybe one day  
we can pay you. Send us your  
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## CANE TOAD TIMES

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# Cane Toad Times

## Art & Perversion Issue

### ToadWORLD

4

The slimy cesspool of Queensland corruption is bubbling up through the access holes of Main Street, Kangaroo Point — Arthur Gorrie reveals how male fantasies of naughty school girls and virgin brides lead to women in the watchhouse. Anne Jones and Robert Whyte look at the ins and outs of chicken sex. Bradley Cox interviewed a plastic replica of Colonel Sanders in Japan and gathered weird revelations about advertising art. It's the world on a stick, Cane Toad style.

### ToadSTRIPS

17

Our graphics are graphic. Judy Dunn has her finger in the ink bottle of art alright, and it's a wonder she doesn't smudge those drawings of hers. With her own perverted view of Kulcher is Gaynor Cardew. For all you Killer Greely fans, Dave Tyrer's next installment is the penultimate pugilistic experience. And Nik Scott shows us what art and perversion is all about in his strip "The Loved One".

### ToadTALES

26

Summer reading bonanza! We fill up pages and pages with the ultimate road story "You'll never get through in that" by Johnny La Roi de la Rue. The strange powers of Ramon transport our brave heroes across the Tanami Desert against all odds and several donkeys. For more dirty deeds done dirt cheap, visit Clifford Clawback's "Pleasure Dome". Barbara Jones' Sunday lunch is a story of Jacaranda lust and temptation. Errol O'Neill looks into the scummy oil of a Sunbeam deep fryer to find the meaning of Christmas and the disintegration of the family. You'll read till you stop.

### ToadSPEAK

41

And now a word or seven on a few subjects dear to our collective heart. Sean Mee knows where to go to find a true artist. Meet one of the world's Old Masters, Des of the Whites Hill Dump. Perversity? Let's be polymorphous about it. Come again? All at once now. Steve Stockwell G-spots a chance for world peace and harmony. Come with us over the fence into Expo, into the mind of Food Artist Latch Grinage and watch us smash that goody-two-shoes image of Dolphins — no more Mr Nice Fish! Feel better? You'll want to know why. So Ian Cook explains how we really need Fred Nile to make us feel really good about being perverse.

### LifestyleACCESSORIES

30

Buy Now! Buy Low! Hey, it's Christmas. And New Year. And this is your one stop shopping spot. You send us the money and we'll send the gifts and subscriptions to whoever you want. Takes the hassles out of gift buying! It makes sense. It's so easy! And have we got the deals for you! Plus, we've got fabulous new designs in our Torso Shirts range. And finally, we are proud to announce, for the first time, we've got all new (ethical and very persuasive) advertising! Buy big, so they'll advertise again and keep the Cane Toad happy!

**INSTEAD OF BEING FUN**, and good for you, art has become bad and dangerous. So far this century, more people's lives have been destroyed by art than nuclear weapons.

**Take Performance Art.** Invite some friends over to your sawdust covered artspace to watch you take your clothes off to excruciatingly unintelligible avant-garde noise and badly projected slides. Then strike some stilted pose for hours and hours. Oh, and spread around some menstrual blood to give it that authentic New York feel.

**Yuk.** You think that's bad. You should see the size of the grant.

**Next Saturday there will be a glowing review filled with words like "localised everywhere" and "tangible ephemeralisations".** And those are just the ones you can understand.

**By means of obtuse and otiose obfuscation, gratuitous punctuation/brackets/slashes and italicised bricolage (French for bric-a-brac), critics have successfully mudd(l)ied the issue and built up a damn good reputation as know-it-alls, thank you very much.**

**And if the critics are functional vampires, then the art gallery is the twentieth century succubus.**

**To an art gallery, the person who says "I don't know much about art but I know what I like" looks like a big slice of lemon meringue pie with an inexhaustible wallet.**

**The art gallery, or "high society succubus" preys on these well meaning but not very bright culture vultures steering them none too gently in the direction of very, very expensive bits of canvas with squiggles on. The problem is, they've got more money than sense. And don't those galleries know it.**

**Here at the Cane Toad Times we call a spade an earth moving utensil. You want to know about Art, you've come to the right place. Here are five facts you need to know:**

**FIRST: It's expensive, it costs a lot, and you can't afford it. Which is why they give you more free wine than you can drink at art openings. When you get really pissed, you begin to see little red spots in front of your eyes...**

**SECOND: If it was any good they wouldn't need to call it art.**

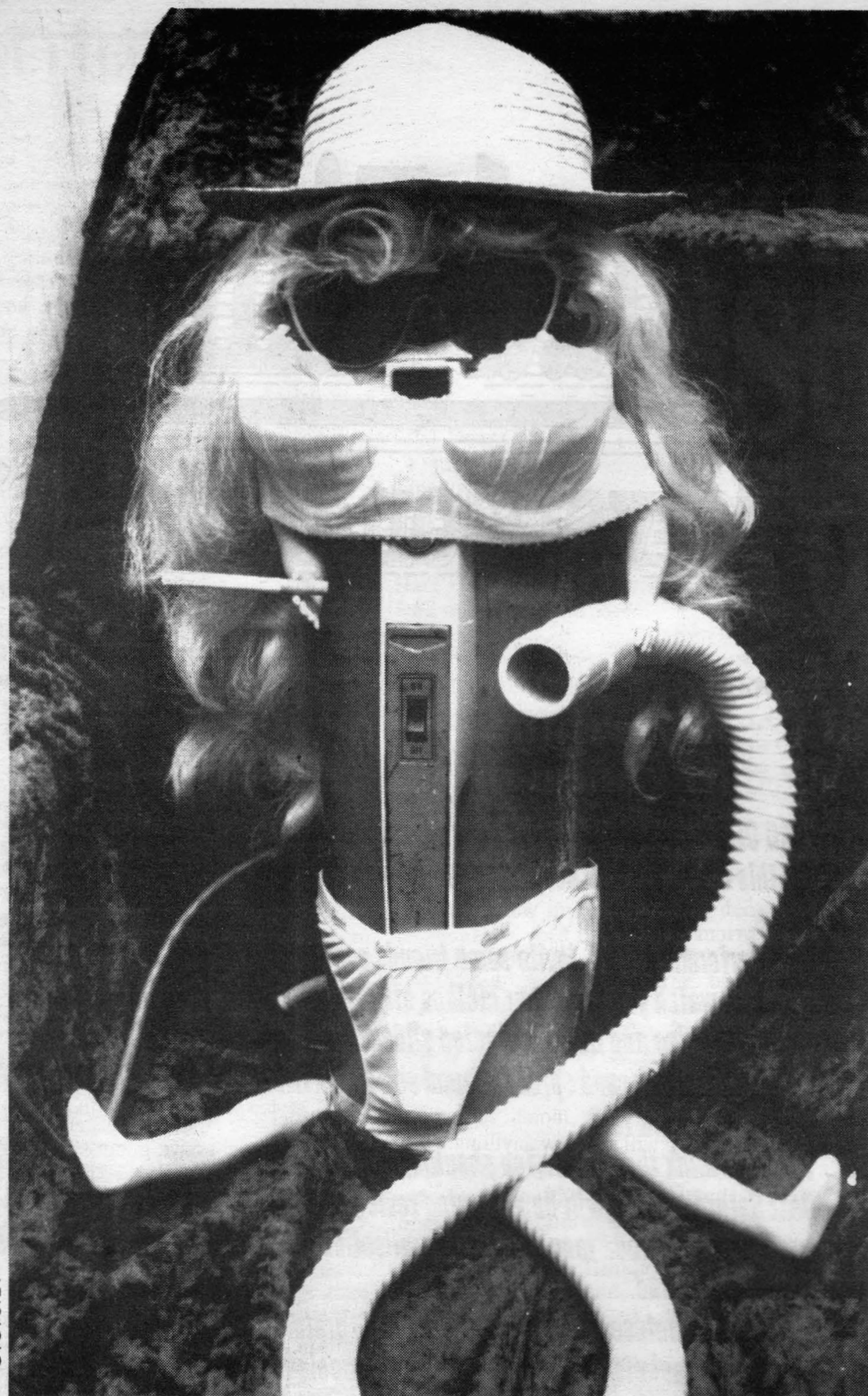
**THIRD: It clutters up your coffee table, not to mention your walls.**

**FOURTH: It's not funny.**

**FIFTH: It diverts a lot of people into fruitless byways when they could be down the mines doing a useful day's work or at the very least overthrowing western civilisation as we know it.**

**What about perversion? If art isn't perverse enough for you, let's just come right out and say it. Perversion causes plaque. Enough said?**





# EXILE

## on Main Street

**Just because you're a cop doesn't mean that life wasn't meant to be greasy. In fact, times were in Kangaroo Point that you could get a hand from a nun without going to a convent.**

**Arthur Gorrie, with some help from the Fitzgerald Inquiry, discovers how many policemen it takes to change the Red light district into the Blue light disco.**

**M**agistrates courts are depressing places, even for those paid to be there.

For those who have no choice in the matter, there can be no more depressing place on earth than Magistrates Court Number One.

It is the bottom rung of the judicial hierarchy, with none of the awesome elegance of the Supreme Court, no quiet District Court dignity and none of the business-like rationality of the Federal jurisdiction.

It is a Third World slum of a courtroom where the System does daily front-line battle with the forces of Disorder.

You can get there by entering an unassuming building next to the City Watchhouse and catching a lift to the Third Floor.

There the foyer smells like an ashtray and people are processed into endless paperwork and computer software by bored clerks and frazzled duty solicitors.

Or you can get there by being arrested, in which case you will be taken through the Watchhouse.

Court Number One is a place where oral sex becomes "an act of gross indecency", where teenage romance is "unlawful carnal knowledge" and even the most distressing personal circumstances are no excuse for the destruction of private property.

It is a place where, except under clearly defined circumstances, such activities as betting on cards or horses, having sex with a consenting adult in private, or even drinking beer, can be interpreted as offences under law.

There, if you plead guilty, a person who looks and talks a lot like a school headmaster will administer a few cuts or, if the Court deems it necessary, a thoroughly good thrashing.

It is a place where Magistrates, some of whom until recently were not qualified to practice as solicitors, demand to be called "Your Worship" even though "Your Honour" is good enough for a judge.

It is a place where the System teaches you what streetfighters call Respect, where one learns to be afraid.

A place where They teach you who's Boss.

Knowing who's Boss appears to have become a very important part of breaking the law and getting away with it in Queensland in recent years.

According to some of the evidence at the Fitzgerald Inquiry, a proper degree of Respect appears to have been a very important part of breaking the law and staying alive.

### Nostalgia ain't what it used to be

The Magistrates Court building wasn't always as you see it now, of course. It used to be even worse.

A converted warehouse near the Melbourne Street end of what later became the Expo site, a fortress of law and order in one of the city's more violent and alcoholic neighbourhoods, it was always a dump.

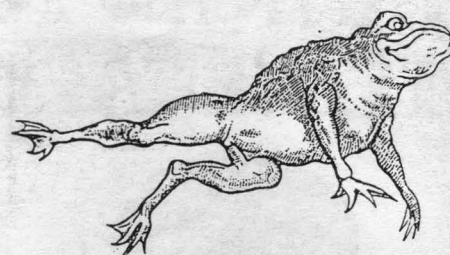
Here the victimless and not so victimless crimes of the Fitzgerald Inquiry were dealt with by the forces of Law and Order.

Among other things, instruments of gaming, sly grog and pornographic literature were routinely confiscated and destroyed or, in some cases, taken home by certain employees of the Crown.

This was a process known technically as "forfeiture to Her Majesty".

One day, the Chief Stipendiary Magistrate decided to save the good name of Her Royal Highness. He had just ordered that





some gambling equipment and partly consumed cans of beer be forfeited to Her. He added the words "...not that I think She'd be interested".

There were prostitutes, who called themselves massage attendants, and, after lunch, housewives on shoplifting charges, distraught at the thought of being convicted thieves after having stolen maybe \$2 worth of merchandise from Woolworths or Myers that morning... *Depressing!*

The System was something you could not beat, imperfect but immovable, not quite right but what could you do?

What could you do, for example, when you saw two young men on disorderly conduct charges after clearly being beaten to a pulp by Gold Coast nightclub bouncers who turned out to be off-duty cops?

What could you do when the Magistrate had heard medical evidence and seen clear photographs of long, thin baton-shaped bruises, particularly concentrated around the buttocks and genitals, but still refused to find they'd been assaulted? What could you do? Except be just that little bit more afraid.

You could also begin to suspect that the System was not all it was cracked up to be, and that it was already well advanced in a process which would ultimately turn it inside out, making the police, as one aboriginal land rights demonstrator put it, "the toughest street gang in town".

It was a process which would ultimately turn the System into a corrupt game, run — on their own admission — by some of the State's highest ranking police.

They would also later attempt to take over the appointment of Cabinet Ministers, the accreditation of journalists, the operations of the Police Union and the provision of political intelligence to the then-Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen.

Politicians called the System "Law and Order". Top police called it "The Joke".

## Perversion maybe, but is it art?

In the '80s, Brisbane became a city of the world, with world class real estate prices, world class business, world class events, world class drugs and world class brothels.

According to evidence at the inquiry, we owe the world class brothels to Anne Marie Tilley and Hector Hapeta. Allegedly with their initiative, and \$100,000 a month in protection money, Brisbane got brothels with, for the first time, mirror ceilings, spa baths, pornographic videos and well stocked bars.

How did we ever get on without them? Evidently, many Queenslanders were thankful for the innovation, because, by 1984, the Bellino syndicate alone allegedly controlled a sophisticated gambling and prostitution empire worth \$5.2 million a year.

Police had fun getting into the act when they attended a gangster theme party at Pinky's, a now non-existent establishment in Main Street, Kangaroo Point.

For those not familiar with Brisbane geography, Kangaroo Point is a particularly phallic shaped peninsula which juts out into the Brisbane River and is linked, via the Story Bridge, with the wet and willing loins of Fortitude Valley.

The party at Pinky's was an important occasion. It was to celebrate the opening of a new downstairs section.

Police guests had to go along dressed as crooks. According to the evidence of the former madam, who gave evidence under the name Katherine James, it would not have been difficult for most of the police guests to pretend to be criminals just for the evening.

For most it would have been, in more ways than one, a simple case of "come as you are".

While there they had a fine time sharing about ten hand-picked lingerie-clad young women among about thirty male guests — champagne in the spa baths, wet T-shirt competitions... that sort of thing.

In a way it was all quite a liberating experience for little-old Brisbane. Even police discovered they had the means to live like the Rolling Stones on tour.

Indeed, it has been observed, now that the inquiry has shut down most of the more hospitable establishments, many former licensing branch police may have to take up a musical instrument in order to have any chance of continuing the life to which they allegedly became accustomed in the first half of the decade.

## Mohammed's Miracle on Main Street

And while teenagers around the State continued to be persecuted according to law for sometimes quite affectionate acts of mutual attraction, schoolgirls — some only fourteen — were, on the evidence, making up to \$1,000 a week, with police "protection", for dancing with dildos and giving what they call "hand relief" to clients of what they called a "photographic studio" in nearby Holman Street, Kangaroo Point.

They did so in a selection of twenty-seven costumes depicting sexual fantasy characters.

These included the corrupt policewoman, the naughty schoolgirl, virgin bride, French maid, cavegirl and loose gypsy girl.

The studio, Fantasy Photography, was the centre of a great deal of evidence at the Fitzgerald Inquiry.

Just as Katherine James told the Inquiry police attitudes to brothels had changed in the 1970s, the proprietors of Fantasy Photography experienced a significant change in police attitudes towards their business.

It was all just a matter of knowing who was Boss.

One teenage witness, under the name Jane Richards, said she had worked for the same people at a Newstead establishment when she was 16 and in Grade 11 at High School.

Her workmates had included up to 20 schoolgirls aged from fourteen upwards. The job had started as nude modelling but she'd later been told a little more manual dexterity would be required if she wanted to continue in the "modelling" business.

Another witness, calling herself Mrs Ann Stewart, said the operation had initially attracted a great deal of unfavourable police attention, to the point where its proprietor feared he would go broke and installed a trap door with a "cubby hole" in which he would hide if he saw police arriving on the premises.

One day, however, this all changed. The owner, her de facto husband, Warren Earl Armstrong, allegedly said he had spoken to people he called "the big boys" and said "the mountain had come to Mohammed".

Mrs Stewart called this sudden transformation "The Miracle".

He was right. After that police became friendly and seemed to have decided it was "party time". They regularly turned up for parties paid for by the business and were regular visitors at other times.

## Alcohol, Lingerie and the Thin Blue Line

Many of the younger employees were responding to advertisements for photographic models and really believed that, at \$1000 a week, they were at the top of a legitimate business.

There were however certain clues to the contrary. While frequent showers could be explained perhaps by the effects of hot photographic lights on bare skin, the sight of one girl gargling Dettol could not.

While there has not been a lot of research on the subject, it can safely be assumed that photographic modelling is most unlikely to put germs in a person's mouth. Some people, as they say, will swallow anything.

Another witness, calling herself Sue Miller, said things were not always so easy in the police-protected modelling business.

She said in 1986 she'd been hired for a strip session. She danced erotically, as lawyers put it in their questions, stripped naked, stripped her client and gave him more of that good old hand relief.

He then identified himself as a policeman and booked her, showing what a sensitive person might consider a somewhat unchivalrous devotion to duty, a certain lack of appreciation.

An ungentlemanly lack of romance in the soul, one might suggest.

Ms Miller described clients as many and varied and said they ranged in age from 18 to 89, one being so old he had to be helped up the stairs.

Other witnesses told of occasions when police had got so drunk they'd had difficulty getting their patrol cars back to the station. Different police had on occasions responded so enthusiastically to the combined effects of alcohol and lingerie they had done things like punching a hole in a wall, using beds as trampolines and chasing a woman dressed as a nun while trying to lift the back of her robe.

Miller also described an incident in which her boss had locked her in a room with drunken police who insinuated strongly that they would like her to take her clothes off.

One required help to stand up as he fumbled to undo the fly of his trousers.

She escaped by pretending to go to get a vibrator.

Perhaps the gentleman in question could not see anything very clearly at the time, and certainly he could not see the situation through Miller's eyes.

If he had, he might have glimpsed a view of the System which was not unrepresentative of many people's experience of Law and Order in Queensland at that time.

He'd have seen it not in the form of a sober Magistrate, administering righteous discipline to the disorderly, but as something quite opposite.

He'd have seen the System drunk as a lord, eyes aflame with lust, and with a bunch of heavy mates on hand to help it undo its trousers.

ARTHUR GORRIE



Hmmm, a soul will cost you extra!

GRAPHIC: GAYNOR CARDEW



UQP

# THE ROAD TO FITZGERALD



Revelations of  
corruption  
spanning four  
decades

by  
Walkley Award-winning journalist

**Phil Dickie**

The Sunshine System. Over 4 decades of payoffs, murders, frame-ups and criminal deals.

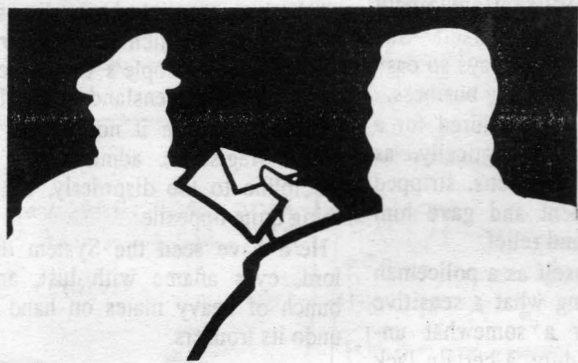
This is how Corruption grew in the warm dark parts of the Queensland Body Politic. Growing like a cancer out of control behind a wall of so called "law and order", behind a smoke screen of "Don't you worry about that".

Many Queenslanders knew the reality of the system. The Rat Pack was running free, and the joke was on the people of the Moonlight State.

They watched an arrogant, tainted government, a tame media, and an ineffective opposition let the system spread... and were helpless to prevent it.



# THE ROAD TO FITZGERALD



## HATE CORRUPTION? Join the Club.

The mark of true anti-corruption enthusiasts: the Tony Fitzgerald Fan Club T Shirt. Perfect torso wear while reading THE ROAD TO FITZGERALD. 100% cotton, 100% corruption free.

Special Deals for... mates: The T Shirts are only \$13 if you buy the book!

The ROAD TO FITZGERALD is the inside story of a journalist uncovering corruption. Phil Dickie's painstaking and dangerous undercover work made the System of favours and payoffs public. Then came the Four Corners Report. Together, they led to the Fitzgerald Inquiry.

Tony Fitzgerald is the man in the spotlight now, but it was Phil Dickie who put him there. Read his blow by blow account of his investigations from massage parlours to political payoffs.

Order today from the Cane Toad Times. and we'll post you the decade's most sensational story in an innocent brown paper envelope.



# Book & T-Shirt Offer!

## BOOK ONLY

Yes, please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of Phil Dickie's THE ROAD TO FITZGERALD published by University of Queensland Press, at \$11.95 each. (Post & packaging inc.).

## T-SHIRT WITH BOOK

Yes I want to take advantage of the terrific discount on Tony Fitzgerald Fan Club T-Shirts at \$13.00 each. Pack in \_\_\_\_\_ T shirts with my book order.

## T-SHIRT ONLY

I've already got the book and now I'd really like to wear the badge of Corruption-busting courage. Just send me \_\_\_\_\_ T shirts at \$15.00 each. (Post & packaging inc.).

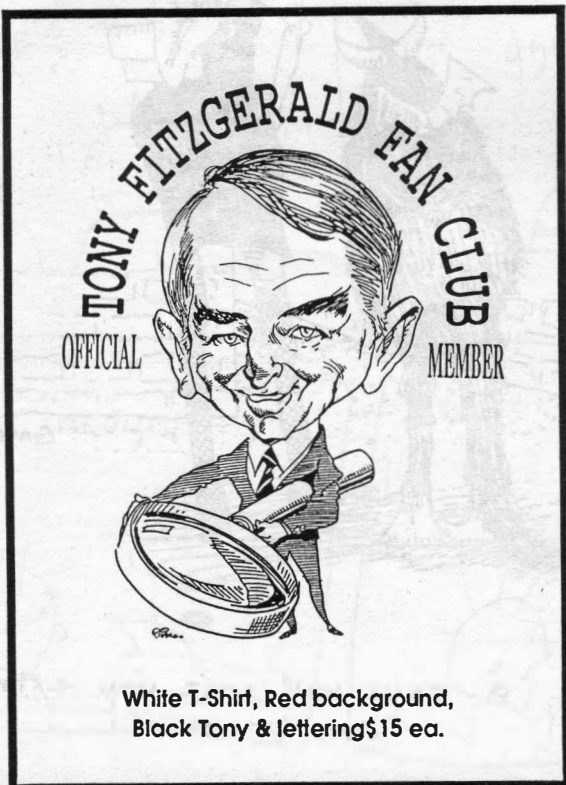
I enclose a ☐ cheque ☐ money order ☐ bankcard/mastercard details for a total of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode \_\_\_\_\_

Card Number \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Exp \_\_\_\_\_

My T-shirt size is: ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐ Extra-Large ☐ Extra Extra Large





# Baby come back

Faulty babies recalled. Manufacturers to blame.

The Gynecological Association of Australia today issued a recall notice on all baby's born during 1988.

Parents of these children are being asked to return their offspring for an immediate check up and, if necessary, replacement programme.

"It's the darndest thing", said Doctor Stirrups, head bubble burster at the Institute for Sprog Dropping.

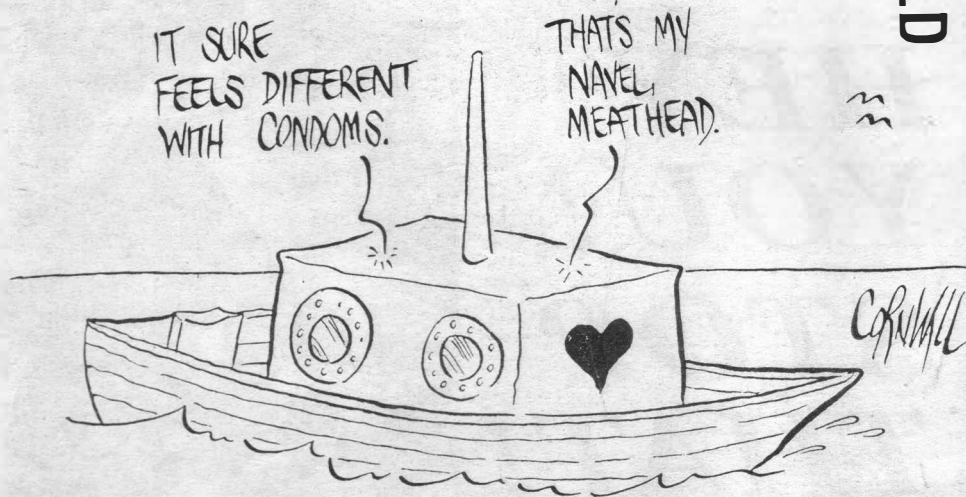
"They all seemed quite normal at first, but after a few months a high percentage of all babies born this year came equipped with an abnormally large number of defects: arms and or legs dropping off, eyes falling out, heads on backwards, webbed feet, wings, scales, skin rashes and annorexia"

Dr Stirrups refused to speculate on exactly how many babies would have to be dismantled, but assured worried parents that

they needn't worry as the Institute had a perfectly adequate set of replacement babies standing by in orphanages and refuges across Australia.

The Doctor went on to infer that the manufacturers were at fault, and that they had consistently ignored articles in Women's magazines and daily newspapers as to the proper approach to prenatal care. "We warned them about staying up late, taking lots of drugs, and watching too many horror videos and Graham Kennedy's Newsworld. I think we can place the blame squarely at the foot of their (the parents) beds".

Any parent wishing to take their child in for a free checkup and possible replacement should contact the Institute on the toll free number 008 BABYBUNG.



## Greenhouse to outhouse

Scientists predict shit will hit the land.

Scientists today sounded a new death knell for the Earth's already fragile ecosystem.

Professor Harry Wanton, of internationally renowned Environmental Research Group at the Massachusetts Institute of Applied Dynamics, has just released the group's report that claims that the greenhouse effect is merely the forerunner of a whole series of effects that will ultimately lead to the death of all life on planet earth.

Professor Wanton first explained that the greenhouse effect is not as good as it sounds.

"Contrary to popular belief, the world will not turn into a huge hot house with lots of green plant life and a constant supply of water, but in reality, a big stinking cloud of smog will hang over the earth for a distance of 2 km into the atmosphere."

"After the greenhouse effect comes the Fun House Effect, a direct result of harmful radiation from the breakdown of the Ozone Layer. It will cause people to be absolutely silly for no apparent reason; some people will think they are Walt Disney, while others will remain firmly convinced that their urine is a cure for AIDS".

"Then comes the House House Effect, where everyone on earth will think they are

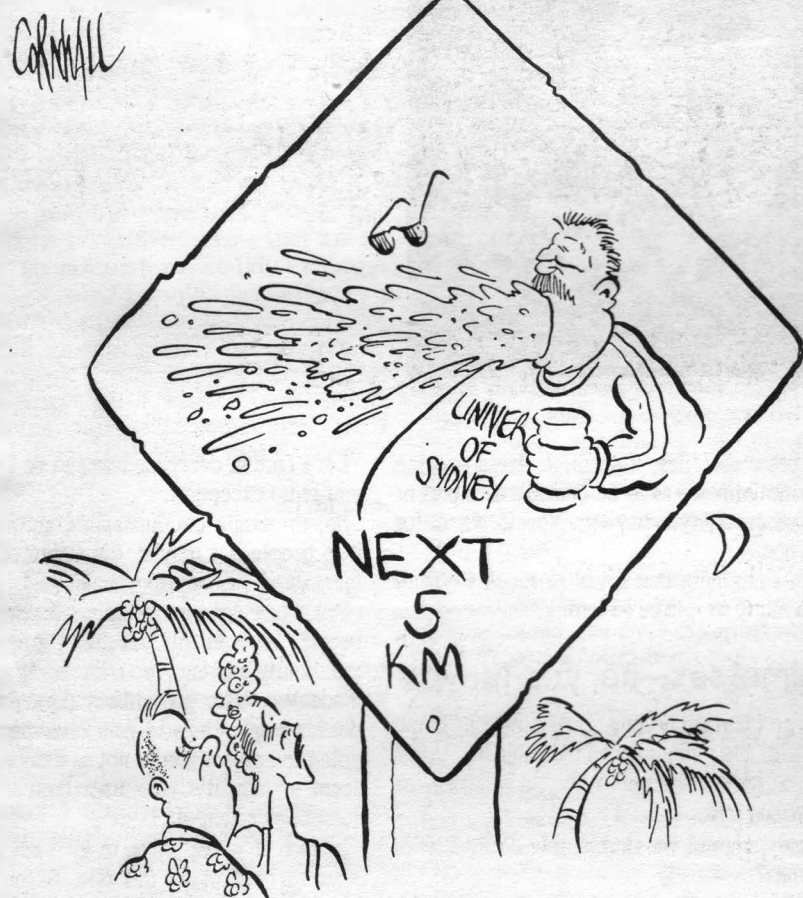
in a Chicago nightclub; on the upside, there will be plenty of job opportunities for bouncers".

"Next up will be the Doghouse Effect, where dogs will think they are human and vice versa. The resulting mess all over the sidewalks will help contribute to the most appalling of all the expected effects".

"This is the Shithouse Effect, also known as the Big Brown Out, wherein the entire surface of planet Earth will become covered by biological and technological waste to a depth of 5 km. Food supplies will be contaminated, and taste awful too. Water supplies will fill with crap, and 14 billion tonnes of disposable nappies will be washed up on every beach from here to Antarctica".

"This Shithouse Effect is quickly followed by the Deathhouse Effect, where being electrocuted becomes far more preferable than choking to death on your own doodoo's".

Doctor Wanton gave no cure for the oncoming effects, other than to suggest that Fearless Fly should be reanimated and forced to deal with the problem in cartoon form, or at the very least a team of overweight, overpaid and over-the-hill rock musicians could hold a worldwide concert called TurdAid.



## The sky's the limit

Performance art threatens all life on earth.

Stella, the worthless Latvian performance artist most well known for her epic filmwork 'The Faster You Go', has promised an even more outrageous piece to celebrate the end of the millenium. 'The Faster You Go' consisted of Stella strapping herself into a specially modified Mack truck and driving across the European continent, crashing into anything that moved while videoing the entire spectacle.

"I see the earth as a finite concept that needs highly paid and totally subsidized performance artists such as myself to tear through the rigid concepts of the ordinary human being who perceive the environment, and especially the Atmosphere, and in particular the Ozone Layer, as nothing but a human construct that needs to be destroyed in order to appreciate its integral values".

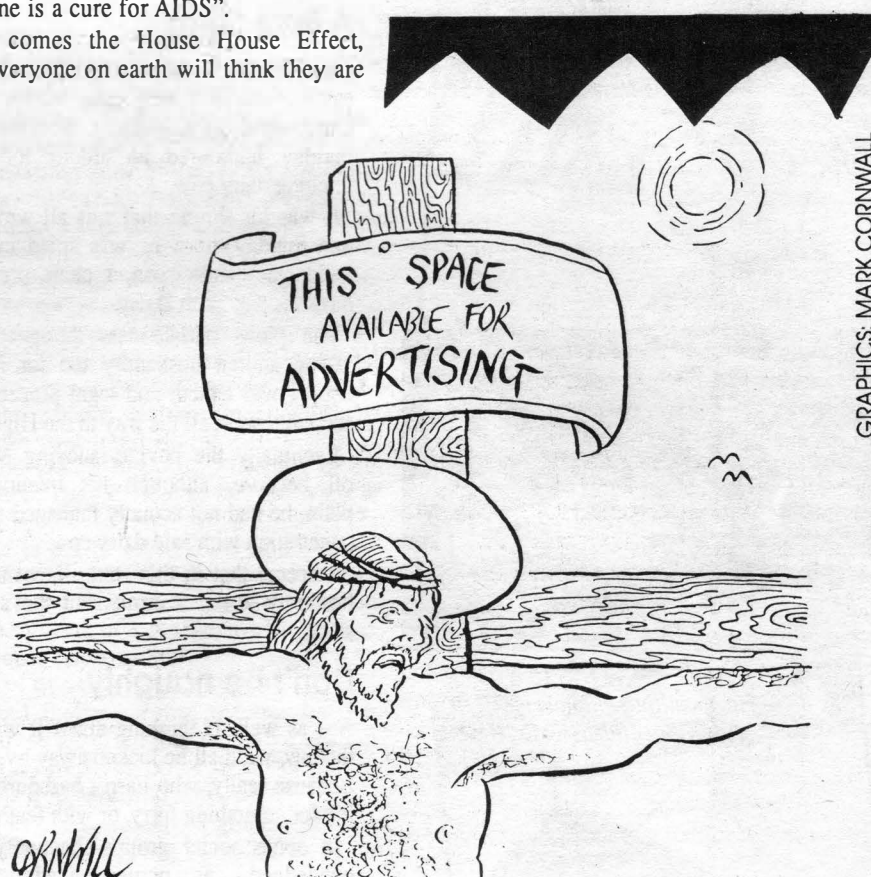
Stella's performance piece will involve the building of more than 2000 50 gegalitre

rockets filled with fast food outlet packaging, and the commissioning of 1000 gigantic aerosol cans filled to bursting with chloroflourocarbon gas.

"The packaging will be sent into orbit at exactly the point the ozone layer is breaking down, and multicolored sprays, simulating the colors of the rainbow, will destroy whatever's left. As this is happening, I will recite my new poem 'The O Zone Layer is the G Spot of the World'. This performance piece will reduce the Layer to a shadow of its former self and the resulting conceptual sky theatre will enthrall all my admirers and generous patrons for ever and ever. And Christo can go eat shit".

This last line refers to Christo's latest work, a musical titled 'Crap Wrap Rap'.

Stella has already had a number of offers from toxic waste disposal companies from around the world for an ongoing series of 'Pollution Performance Works'.



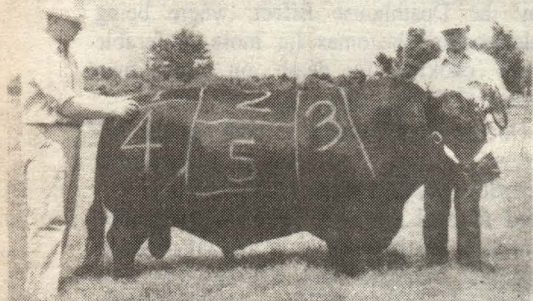
GRAPHICS: MARK CORNWALL



# HEY YOU! STOP THAT!



Can something  
that gives so  
much pleasure to  
so many people  
be so wrong?



## EROGENOUS ZONES

Could this be an ex Mayor of Mackay  
indicating to an eager North Queensland  
audience how to steer your way around the  
erogenous zones of a big beast?



## THIS IS NOT ON

Sex between consulting animals is OK, but  
not with cultural icons, Barbie.

In a tender moment in the recent family comedy *Midnight Run* Charles Grodin and Robert de Niro admit they share an interest in chicken sex.

Closer to home, a survey of Queenslanders sex practices has found that over 17% of respondents were willing to admit that they had experienced a sexual act with a farmyard animal.

And yet bestiality, or doing it with animals, is frowned upon. Why? Animals are cute, and as we all really know in our loins — sorry, hearts — very cuddly. But while heavy petting is permissible, you are not allowed to go “all the way”.

## A Bum Steer

One of Australia's most celebrated bestiality cases involves a long gone Mayor of North Queensland town, Mackay. It seems the good burgher harboured an ardour for a rather fetching dairy cow.

It was his timing that was all wrong. Early one Sunday morn he was spied in an open paddock, standing on a chair preparing to have his way with Daisy.

The pious parishioners thought this was taking animal husbandry too far. The local copper was called, and legal proceedings ensued that went all the way to the High Court.

Eventually the bovine-fancying Mayor got off because, although his intentions were plain, he had not actually managed to achieve penetration with said dairy cow.

It seems that in this state, intent to commit bestiality is not a crime, but that's where it stops.

## Don't be naughty

Just as well. If thinking about it was against the law, we'd all be locked away by sundown. Because really, who hasn't harboured a longing for something furry, or with feathers.

In some social groups, bestiality is acknowledged — as a perversion, admittedly. Just think of the depth of cultural knowledge inherent in the old joke: “Why did the deviant cross the road?” The answer of course, whether we like it or not, is “because his dick was stuck in the chicken.”

In other societies, it seems to have become so commonplace as to be considered a part of normal everyday behaviour. New Zealand, for instance.

Can something that gives so much pleasure to so many people be so wrong?

## Animal sex—no, yes, maybe

The problem is, no-one, until now, has come out with any guidelines on the subject.

In a review of the topic, a number of questions arise.

Firstly, should we stop people doing it with animals?

Well, seriously now, people doing it with animals is just not on. We know this is going to disappoint 17% of the population, but that's just the way it is. It's a situation in which there can be no concept of consent.

Yes, consent is the key. And “I'm sure it wanted me to” isn't going to wash. We don't think your barnyard friend is going to testify in court or sign an affidavit, so don't try that one.

Okay. People doing it to animals - a no no. What about animals doing it with each other? Is David Attenborough really a pervert? Is nature naughty?

We can only assume in this case that the consent question has been worked out by the participating animals themselves, and it's none of your business. So, yes — sex between consenting animals is a definite yes. If you like to watch, that's your problem. There's no law against it.

Now we come to the difficult one. Should we stop animals doing it to people? Anyone who's ever owned a young, pedigree dog like an Airedale or a Red Setter will know the strange fascination they have with human legs. It's a libido that goes across gender. Men, women... a leg is a leg is a leg.

In fact their horniness doesn't recognise the boundaries of living matter. Some have been known to mount coffee tables. At one wild Brisbane party a red setter named Paddington made wanton plunges at frenzied dancers boogieing to Norman Gunston's version of “Delilah”.

Of course the dancers shook him off, but with a chuckle, not a shriek.

Let's face it, everyone loves to be loved, and you're no exception.

So, in certain circumstances, animals doing it to people is a maybe. It's a spur of the moment thing, as Roy Rogers said to Trigger.

But when does harmless monkeying around become entrapment? We aren't going to look too kindly on that, you know. If you have made Woofdale go without dinner and then put his doggy chow in your underpants, we're going to suspect you're not as innocent as you seem — and it's your own fault if you get something bitten off.

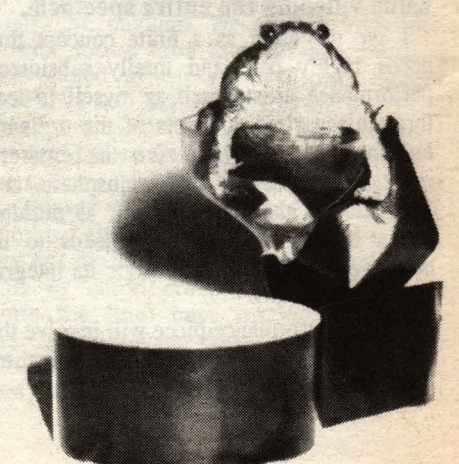
In fact, if we're going to give advice, we'll have to be firm on this one. Before you go hoofing it off to the nearest paddock to lie around suggestively in the hope of attracting an ungulate we'd better tell you that we've decided animals doing it to people isn't really defensible after all.

Don't worry, there's plenty of other fish in the sea — sorry — pebbles on the beach. Just be patient, sooner or later, you're going to be attracted to someone from your own species.

ANNE JONES & ROBERT WHYTE



AIDS are not necessary.  
But for the really wanton, try Brut  
champagne and some extra-strength, super-  
sensitive gaffer (with nonoxol 9).





# Interior/exterior "quotes"

Throughout the centuries "objectionable painting" has caused more than one patron of the arts to cancel the contract.

In the colour scheme of life today, things are pretty much the same.

We ask rising new painting star, Coupe de Villa, the standard art magazine questions.

*Can you discuss your work and give a description of the response on both the critical and popular levels?*

Well, actually, I try not to discuss the initial quote too closely, as giving too much of the profit margin away can lead to negative responses in the future. Of course, as I'm trying to undercut the professionals, clients usually go for the lower price and will eventually cop a few hundred on top just to get me out of the house.

*Name your main influences.*

I'd say the climate of this ancient and mysterious landscape is the major catalyst for my work, as well as the immediate community. I also find that awareness of the context of a work adds new dimensions to capital outlay. Oh yeah, and Rolf Harris and Baker Brothers.

*What do you think of deconstruction?*

Building on what's gone before is an integral facet of any endeavours in this field, yet the test of time tends to strip away the layer upon layer of veneers that previous artists have applied to mask the originality of the work. I'd just like to add that if deconstruction is fundamentally correct, then the Dean Brothers are the harbingers of a new age in painting.

*Are you eclectic at all?*

Certainly static makes my hair stand on end, which can be a real worry when doing ceilings, so I always make sure to wear cotton underwear and rubber soles. Also, the 2400 watt electric burner seems to do the job in most instances, but sometimes you've just gotta get out the flame gun for really hard to remove areas.

*Do all the "isms" worry you at all?*

Well, in this game you're bound to get a lot of criticism for being too masculine and employing long powerful strokes, but I'd be the first to employ a woman if she could get the job done properly. I also had an Aboriginal apprentice for 6 months but Social Security withdrew my payments so I had to let him go.

*What is the theoretical basis for your work?*

Water sometimes, but mostly turps.

*What is your interest in "tricking" the viewer and could you describe the various devices you have used to create visual illusions in your work?*

Tricking is a specialist part of the game that all good painters use to create the visual illusion of a competent job, and can involve various mediums from the simple gaffer tape over guttering, cheap home-made paints created from flour and water, through

to the various crack fillers and putties now in vogue with the in crowd. All these mediums can tend to add an exciting new dimension in giving the lowest quote. This is especially important among the roofists currently working over the pensioner market.

*There is a profound superficiality in your work, a very calculated and strategic involvement in superficiality. And of course, superficiality's a very important part of our culture, including the art world. Can you comment?*

If you're talking coverage I think it's very important to superficialise, otherwise you have to go back. It's all in the wrist, long smooth strokes.

*What sort of response do you get in New York?*

Given the ongoing humidity situation in the Cape York area and the resulting mould problem, most artists tend to give the entire working surface a good going over with a strong acid before attempting any kind of permanent coverage.

*Before you turned to painting what kind of work did you do?*

Letterbox drops for advertising companies, lawn mowing and garbage removal was my life before I was made aware of the quick money to be made in the painting area, and it was this milieu of backyard work that I gained a finer appreciation of the rigours needed to convince a prospective client to repaint in the existing colour scheme.

*Where did you study?*

I get some kind of idea what others are charging going through the yellow pages.

*Do you often work on commission?*

That's me bread and butter, mate.

*I can see you did your post graduate work at the Slade, where did you do your undergraduate work?*

Mostly in the suburbs, housewives and old people, that sort of thing, although we're now getting a lot of competition from the cladding industry.

*What funding have you received from the Australian Government?*

Well, there's the child endowment, and the dole during the rainy season, plus whatever paint from the Housing Commission that I can fit in the back of the van.

*Do you find that "less is more"?*

Yes, it really is astounding how far a litre can go given the correct amount of turps.

*Does form follow function?*

I must admit that I make the occasional bet, so I'd have to say yeah.

*Is there a subversive political intention in your work?*

Once when I was doing a job at the new Parliament House, me and the other painters swapped around all the signs on the dunny doors. Talk about subversive. We laughed for weeks over that one.

*What materials do you use?*

Mostly second hand stuff and mark downs on paint that has gone past the expiry date, plus whatever we can nick from the Housing Commission.

*How long does it take you to complete a work?*

That depends on whether it's a contract job or I sub it out to me mates down at the pub.

*Derrida when commenting on Lacan's "gaze" closely approximated a later bricolage of proto-semiotic "rupture" similar to that clandestine figurative vertigo Foucault imposed on the "nemeses" cultivated by Lyotard and Baudrillard (strange be[d]fellows!) don't you think?*

Vertigo — well you get up those ladders and you get vertigo all right. You come down hard on that bricolage and you'll get a rupture, no worries.

*Do you collaborate with any other artists?*

Having a shonky accountant is the first step to profit in any job, be it painting or otherwise, and a few of the con artists I know slip me a nice pensioner job every now and again. Of course, I couldn't do much drinking without Wayne, my first year apprentice.

*So you're doing installations?*

I wouldn't touch the electrics unless I was absolutely sure that a building inspector wasn't comin' anywhere near the place.

*Some critics have accused you of relying on technique rather than emotion. Can you comment?*

Look, just because the paint started peeling off three days after that job on the Housing Commission flats doesn't give the Building Inspectors and the people from the Investigators and Probe the right to question the integrity of my work. It wasn't my fault. Those damn chippies hadn't sealed the paricle board properly. Hey, is that a TV camera I can see through there! You bastards, you can bloody well stop filming right now or I'll sic me dog on yer... pricks... stop filming... put that damn camera down...

*End of Interview*





# Young Turks dump on Aussies

As a new wave of artistic angst crashes on the beachhead of yesterday's heros, the Neo-nouveau-newists are out there to catch the perfect free ride.

**"When everything's been said and done... take the piss out of purpose."**  
**Greg Snook checks out the anti-art swells.**

**I**f nothing else, Australia's Bicentennial celebrations showed the world that we produced more than our fair share of artists: grog-artists, bull-artists and con-artists, to name the more common variety.

Nowhere is this more in evidence than in Sydney, where every inner-city hotel is required by law to incorporate a cheap Italian restaurant, and where we find by far the largest populations of artists, many of them migrating from less affluent climates in search of greener pastas.

Clearly, Sydney has a very real problem in terms of its over supply of creative talent, not all of which can be gainfully employed in fleecing acquisitive yuppies or catering for the bad taste of inquisitive tourists.

Many young hopefuls soon realise that they don't inhabit an ideal society where everyone with both problems and education can get paid to explore their inner and outer feelings or funded to leave the country altogether.

While they may be perfectly capable of doing bizarre things with any object that doesn't move, these budding Da Vincis are often left high and dry, wondering why their talents with form and space aren't appreciated by people with large, empty houses and loads of cash.

Sadly, many aspiring artists wind up taking their revenge on the uncaring society by working for its government departments or driving taxis.

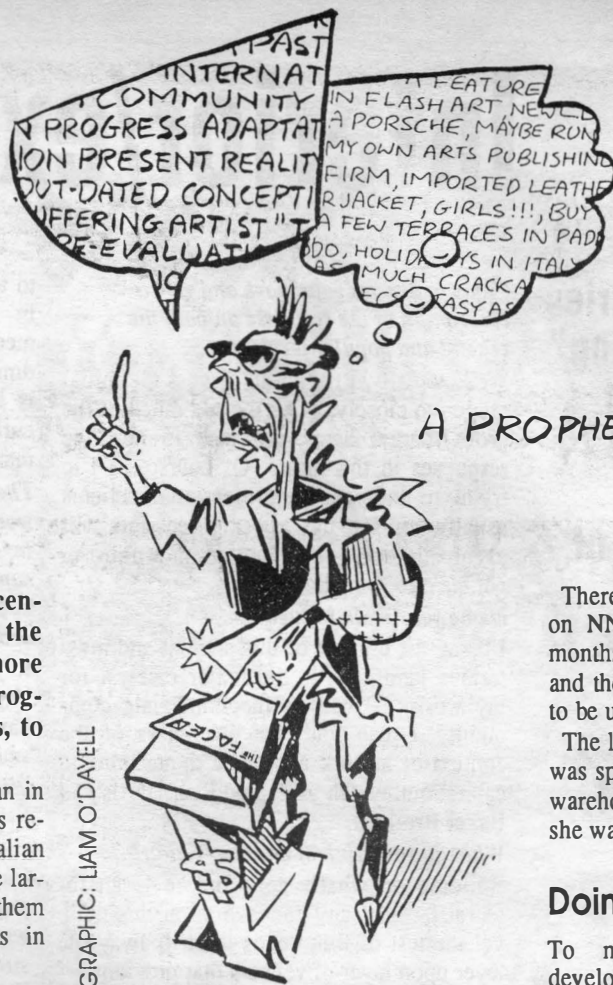
All we can hope for is the day when government grants are dispensed as frequently and impartially as trifectas and there's no more sour grapes rotting in the fridge where the wine cask should be.

## Enough art is enough

One of the most tragic episodes in the story of Modern Art concerns that almost forgotten group of artists who survived the crisis of faith in the late 1980s.

That was a time when all the arty or farty people who counted, suddenly decided that everything had been thought of, done and recorded on videotape, leaving absolutely

GRAPHIC: LIAM O'DAYELL



A PROPHET OF THE NEW ART

There were numerous reported sightings on NNN happenings during the next six months, but few of these were confirmed and the exhibitors themselves were claimed to be uncertain of their own intentions.

The leader of the NNN, one Deidre Dreary was spotted driving a forklift in her derelict warehouse but when interviewed claimed she was merely stacking some old pallets.

## Doing the splits

To make matters worse, a schism developed. The clique divided into two warring factions, the neo-nouveaus and the nouveau-neos.

The more conservative faction continued to adhere to the group's early minimalism which basically meant doing as little as possible with virtually no effort.

The radical faction on the other hand, announced that all previous movements in Modern Art had something to answer for.

Australians were stunned to see artists doing bad impersonations of the impressionists, denouncing the Cubists as two-faced squares and criticising the Futurists for hurrying.

Once the Festival of Light and other fringe religions became aware of these goings-on they swore to have the neo-nouveau-newists banned before they could commit any similar atrocities on religious art.

Their interest in these spectacles boosted crowds enormously of course, and a number of roaming bands of religious fanatics began touring the state on the track of the NNN.

Meanwhile the attacks continued on everything the NNN didn't like, jamming CB radios with wild diatribes against the use of semiotics to analyse country and western music, turning sculpture gardens into children's playgrounds and spreading arty iconoclasm throughout the countryside like rabbits.

Farmers were warned to shoot on sight any scarecrow they saw wearing a beret.

## Art Error

Following the publication of a defamatory document attacking abstract expressionism, capped off by the brutal murder of television personality Mr Squiggle, ASIO were ordered to infiltrate the organisation and put a stop to its activities once and for all.

Disguised as trendy young art gallery owners, ASIO operatives discovered there were better ways to make a living outside the police force and all resigned within a week of being out on the case.

Like all fads the NNN died out.

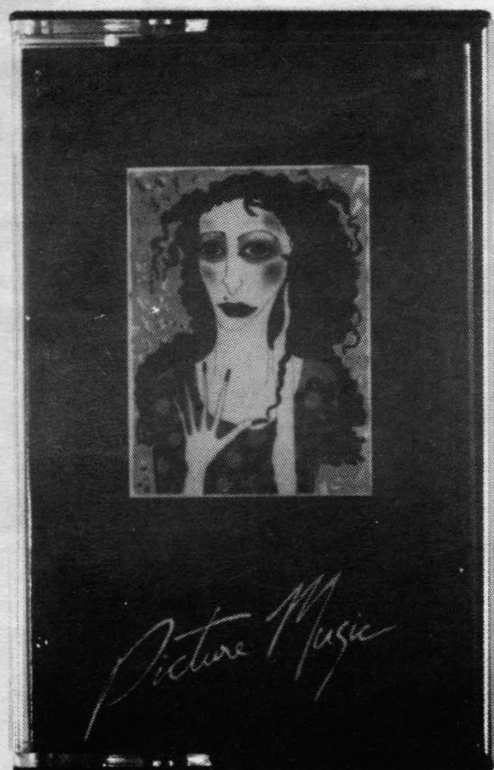
If bakers or used car salespeople or a dental assistants were as much entitled to call themselves artists as Vincent Van Gogh then there was no longer any point in framing so where would the forestry industry be?

There were a lot of trees waiting to be cut down for frames, easels, painting cases, brushes, charcoal — and, of course, paper — and vested interests were not going to let the neo-nouveau-newists get away with cocking a snook at Art as we know it.

GRAPHIC: HARRY BRAZIER







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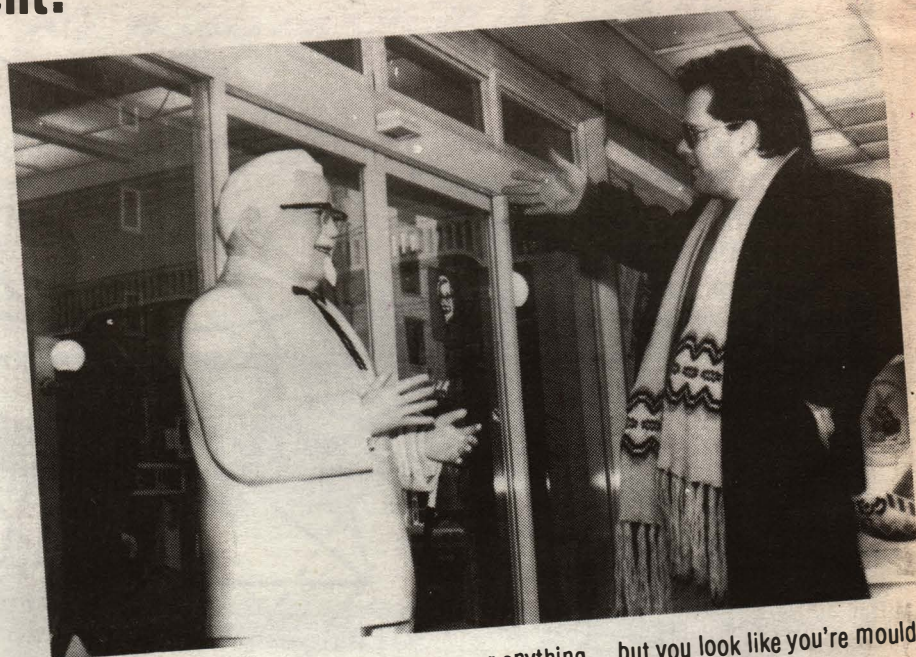
- More grooves than an expensive Formula One rain tyre
- More music & NRG than a Scott, Aitken & Waterman hit
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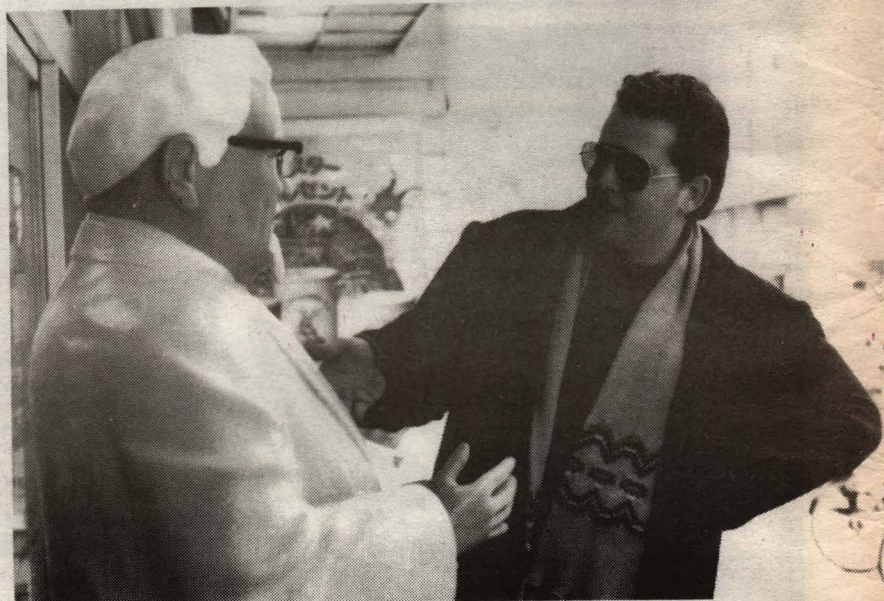
The Father of Fast Food reveals the finer points of Japanese advertising strategy to the Cane Toad Times Japan correspondent.



**Milton Brewery:** Colonel Baby, what are you doing in the land of the rising Yen?  
**Colonel Sanders:** Hey there boy... I'm doing some of that down-home-style business in this here capital of consumerism.



**Milton Brewery:** You know... no offence or anything... but you look like you're moulded out of plastic or something.  
**Colonel Sanders:** Ha, you think I look like plastic, you should take a look at the chicken inside there boy, now that's really frightening!!



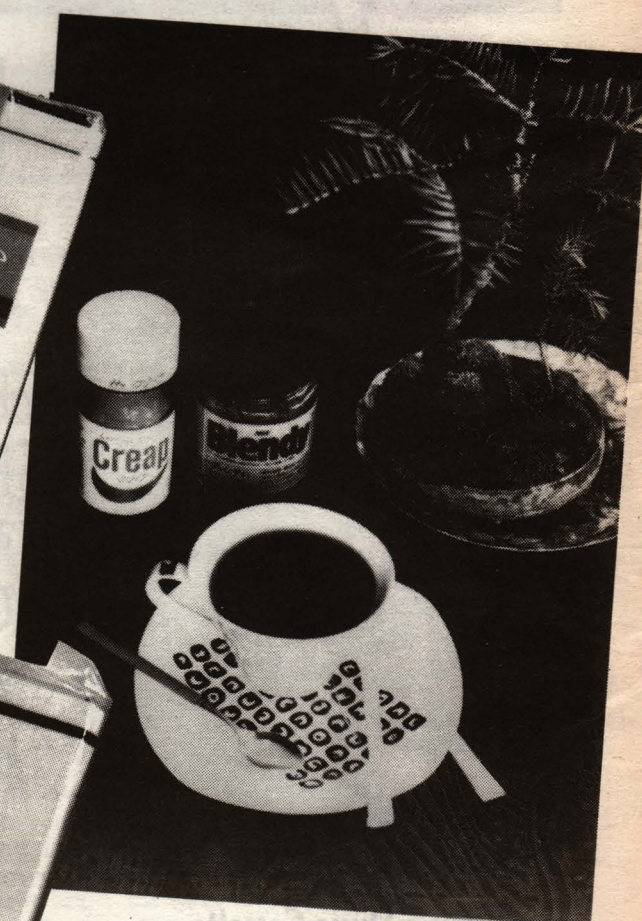
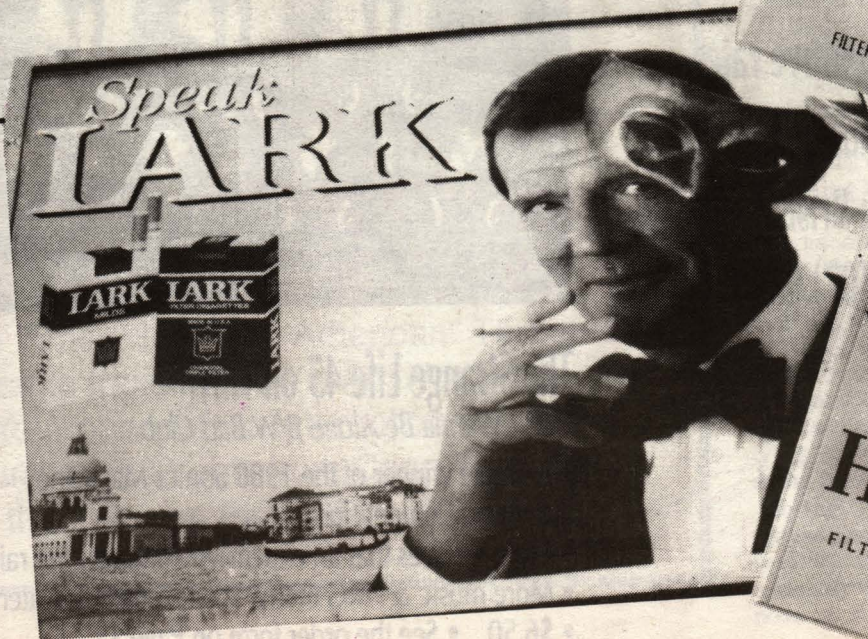
**Milton Brewery:** Well sure, I suppose I feel like a Coke, thanks.  
**Colonel Sanders:** You can feel Coke as much as you like in this country, my boy!! Or maybe you'd prefer a Pocari Sweat. Great little drink this one, scraped from under the arms of a million Pocaris, bit of H<sub>2</sub>O and gas. Sells very well here in Nippon Land, big time!!

# CHICKENMAN

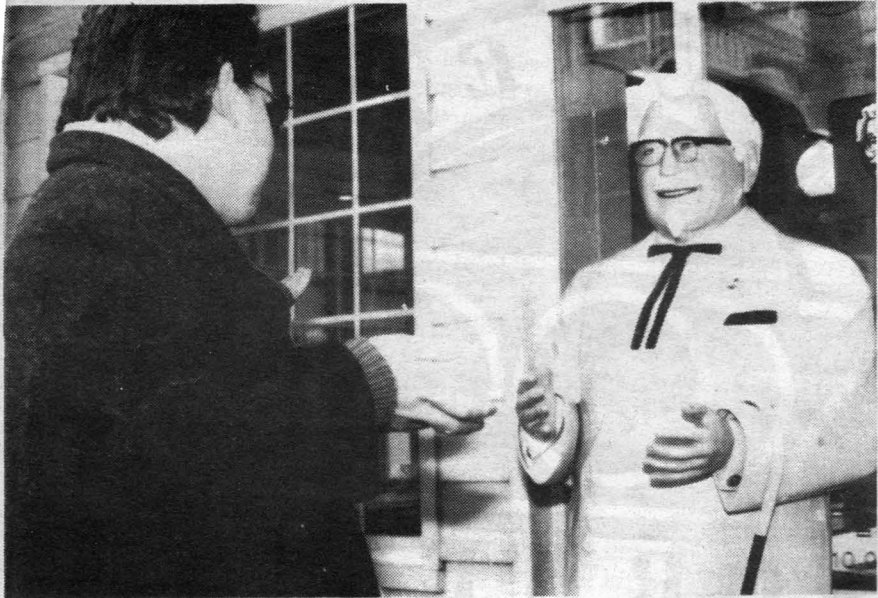
M E E T S

# MEGALON

Oh! What a filling!







**Milton Brewery:** So what are you doing standing outside this Temple of the Take Away... you look like you own the place or something.

**Colonel Sanders:** Own it! Now that's funny. No boy, I only come here for lunch. I'm now an American consultant to a Japanese advertising company.



**Milton Brewery:** So now it's Consultant Sanders is it? Just doesn't sound right to me.

**Colonel Sanders:** Ya think that sounds strange, do ya boy? Ya should hear the consumer advertisements I give advice on!! They're so strange they make this lunch taste good! Hey do you feel like a drink with your lunch?



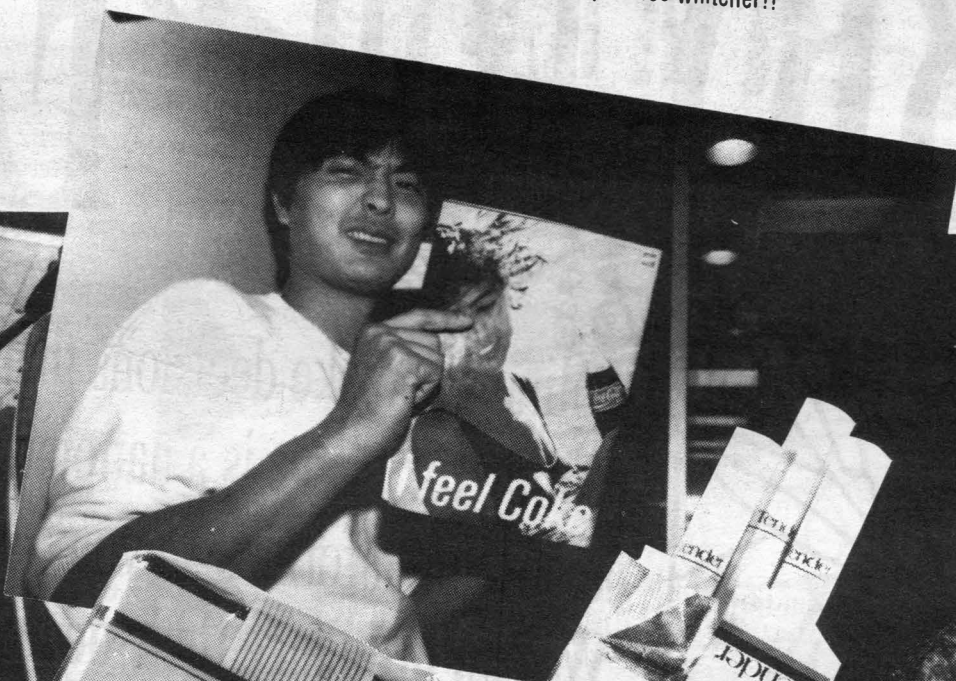
**Milton Brewery:** Mmm, this Japalish Culture is putting me off my lunch. I might just have a cigarette.

**Colonel Sanders:** Ya know boy, you should cut down on that there smoking. You ever thought of smoking Sometimes? Great packaging. Or maybe, my personal buddy Rog says just speak Lark, don't smoke them.



**Milton Brewery:** I think I'll just skip lunch and maybe get a coffee.

**Colonel Sanders:** Tell ya what boy, I'll buy you a cup of coffee. You gotta try some of this here Blendy coffee and you can give it a bit of colour with a spoonful of this Creap coffee whitener!!





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# Wind in the Pillows

## The character and existential status of art appreciation

**F**aintness of heart in the face of assaults upon the senses is unforgivable. It is a refutation of all that preserves difference between the true appreciator and the mere witness. It is an inappropriate instantiation of the iconographic investigation and bespeaks the dire hubris of individual discretion.

Openness to the pervasive pungency of the truly counter-discursive intervention requires the rejection of the appearance of existential isolation that confronts being with its own finitude.

Certainly the hermeneutic engagement cannot avoid phenomenological reportage. But if appreciation is to have any importance it cannot forget its centrality for the verification of objects and not the mere valorization of the products of creativity.

### The appreciation of art

It is not for the appreciator to turn her/his nose up in disgust at a particularly provocative piece of art. Personal distaste is an insufficient ground for rejection, leave that to the unedified and acognizant.

In the face of the diversity, splendour and sensory over-load provided by pieces of art around us, the novice is liable to feel threatened.

Too many people are all too keen upon the rejection of art experience on the basis that they suffer some sensory difficulty. Authentic outbursts of artistic creation will, as a necessary part of their significance, sometimes confront our senses with a provocative and somewhat unpleasant effect. But this, we must remind ourselves, is part of the statement to the world.

Too often have I heard people reject a contribution on the mere basis of some personal distaste. "Oh you can't do that here!" the doyens of tiny-mindedness exclaim, while a significant and potentially mind-expanding experience breezes by them.

Within the constraints of this brief reconnaissance of the exotic and erotic field which is the art there is insufficient space to communicate the marvellous depth and insight that is part and parcel of art. But if we come to merely sense the shimmering mystery which is appreciation, then we will have had our existential location uplifted and our powers of discrimination enhanced.

True appreciation requires the privileging of two important nodes: form and content. But this is no simple matter as the two intertwine in a dialectical relationship of majesty and magic.

### The form of art

Form refers to the physical instantiation of art expression.

Without doubt personal inclination may interfere here to cause some art appreciators to enjoy one form of manifestation over another. Some of us enjoy the more lively and vibrant form of expression, others respond more readily to the more subtle and dark forms in which the immediacy of the message is obscured by a certain anonymity and secrecy.

True appreciators are capable of finding value in both modes of art expression.

To enjoy the joyful and expressive as well as the reticent and introverted and to accept both the florid and the furtive is to evidence the requisite credentials of art appreciation.

But to become true masters we must be aware of the various modes of deployment that are available within the physical medium since all of these modes serve to highlight major motifs of the mundanity and countermundanity of existence.

Attention must be paid to the techniques and timing of art such as parody, irony, reflection and abstraction.

GRAPHIC: HARRY BRAZIER

**I**n this klaxon call for a return to fundamental values, Ian Simpson sounds a raspberry in the face of society. Ian, one of the few so far with the guts to air his opinions, knows his exhaustively argued theory of human productivity will create a stink. In a world increasingly ephemeralised by theory, Ian calls for an end product. His analytical discourse on one of the most basic forms of expression gives us more than one way out.

The parodic form often operates to pepper our sense of an event with a damning juxtaposition that twins the experience both of event and of art piece so as to reveal the hidden absurdity and crudity of the experience.

We are left with a heightened sense of the true ridiculousness that may pass by without recognition but for the perspicacious punctuation of the experience of the event upon which judgment was passed.

An example of the parodic mode may be a loud and assaulting performance directed at a boring fascist speaker going on and on about this great country and wonderful people.

The ironic form, on the other hand, is a more subtle signifier, and serves to make a quieter, but no less telling, statement concerning the event for which we share presence.

The ironic form is much more capably purveyed by those subtle emanations that creep upon us slowly and less playfully than the parodic form.

The dark ironic twists delimit, without dichotomously counterposing the more perverse aspects of the totality of experience that is the grist of art's mill.

Participation in a long and tedious dinner party may be the ideal situation for a slowly building but redolent intervention.

The reflective form, on the other hand, acts more directly as a realistic, and sometimes reificatory, recreation of the repugnant reaches of reality.

We are left, by those who work in this mode, to ponder the manifest discontinuities of the present and to reflect upon our personal role in the ongoing recreation of the situation upon which comment is made.

The reflective form relies almost exclusively upon the direct connection between art piece and real-time event and requires not merely a discerning but a knowledgeable audience.

Leaving a particularly unpleasant social situation — perhaps the aforementioned dinner party — could provide the situation within which reflective performance, in the way of a direct questioning reflection upon the costs of continued participation for those who remain.

The abstract mode is an even more demanding mode, since it requires the appreciator to derive an intimate interpenetration of art and extant phenomena, without the aid of direct reflective connection.

Abstraction forces the audience to detect not only meaning from the piece but also to forge some connection of art and the here and now conjuncture to which it refers.

Needless to say, abstract performance may be best enjoyed for the more general aspects of its presentation and elucidation of form, with the true meaning being left to the discretion of the seasoned critic.

An empty room that bespeaks the absence of the protagonist may require the more delicate sensibilities that come from years of art appreciation.

Form may be appreciated in and of itself, and independent of the more sophisticated tendrillic dilutions constituted by parody, irony, reflection and abstraction.

Sophisticated appreciation comes only to those prepared to devote a life-time to the pursuit of the interaction of technique and description that is constitutive of artistic technique.

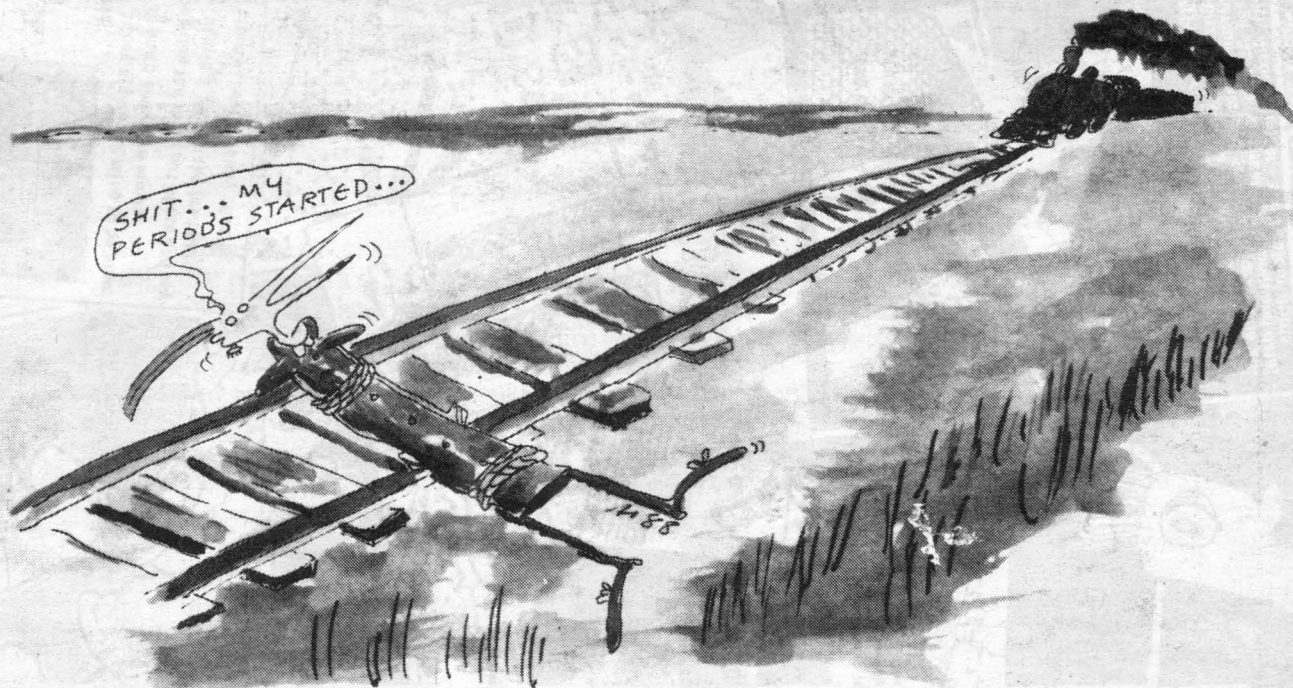
### The content of art

Content refers to the message that is carried by the physical manifestation of art contribution; it relates to the existential statement conveyed by objects of art.

But there isn't much in the way of message in most pieces of art. So content is mostly about the physical, and thus form is the focus of experiential engagement.

So those are the basics, get out there and experience! Don't turn your back on a whole world of vibrancy, colour, movement and expression that has been lying out there waiting to be taken up.

IAN SIMPSON







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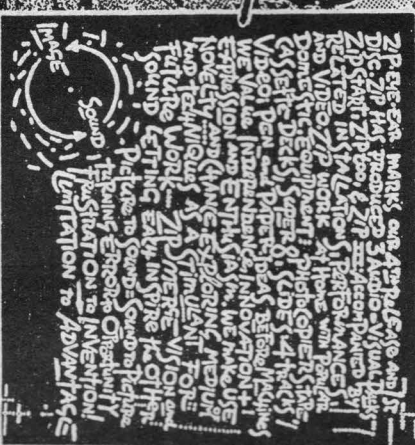
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Rhythm applied to chance, and a chance to experience the wonder that is ZIP at a lesser price. Already in collector status, this independently produced package contains a 45 minute cassette, two 20 page books, a 24 page magazine, and an A3 poster, all for the low low price of \$11. The cassette includes Bernd, Dogmatock, Blue Lagoon, Fallout and nine other tracks destined never to be played on the top ten. In fact, the CTT is the only magazine in the world daring enough to offer this outstanding graphic musical package to the general public. And we like it a lot, and so will you! P & P included!

ZIP 100  
The progenitor of ZIP III, ZIP 100 consists of a 20 page magazine, a 45 minute cassette, a six, count 'em, six 140mm by 205mm hand silk screened prints. As in ZIP I, I and ZIP-EYE-EAR, the combined images and talents of John-e and Irena Zero, Tim Grucly, Matt Manson and Others coalesce in 16 tracks ranging from Post Pop Panic to The 16 Living Eggs. Makes the perfect addition to any off the wall Australian collection, or the perfect gift for those musically inclined collector type friends of yours. Do it today! Like ZIP III, ZIP 100 is available for the ridiculously low price of \$11. P & P included!



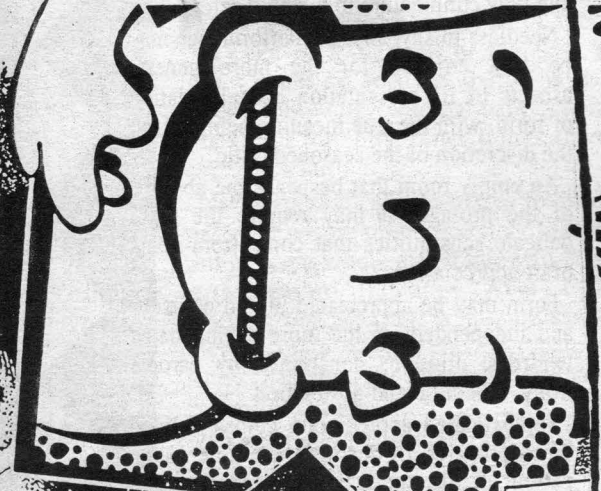
POSTCARDS - Six 4-colour postcards, designed, silk-screened and laminated by Terry Murphy and Matt Manson.



ZIP-EYE-EAR MARK OUR APPROVAL! ZIP-EYE-EAR is a 54 page book and 4 track EP. It contains it's a Wonderful Life, Impulse, Jungles and Ziegfeld, and features the latent talents of John Kennedy, Andrew Leitch, John Willsted, Matt Manson, Terry Murphy, Irena Zero, Tim Grucly and Others. For your eyes, this totally professional 4 colour hard bound package will assault your brain with images and insights extraordinary that give new meaning to the word bizarre. This is a limited edition run, so to secure a piece of the future, order your ZIP-EYE-EAR now to avoid disappointment.

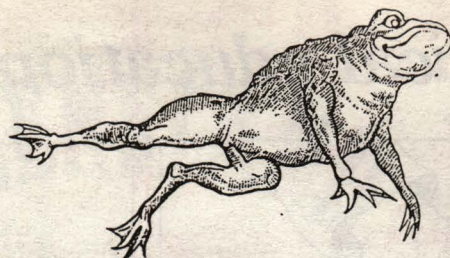


ZIP III - Sound and image pack, containing a C-45 cassette of original songs and other assorted sonic assemblages



## ART AND MUSIC FOR EYE AND EAR BY ZIP





# THE LOVED ONE - a Summer idyll -

ONE SUNNY DAY IN THE STUDIO

...BY GOD, FIFI, THIS COULD BE MY MASTERPIECE...

DAMN... IT'S THAT DEMENTED DOG FROM NEXT DOOR AFTER MY WEE FIFI...

...PISS OFF.. YOU BRUTE.. I'M TAKING FIFI INTO THE OTHER ROOM...

...BOY.. HE LOOKS MEAN...

LATER

...STUPID DOG KNOCKED MY CANVAS DOWN.. ANYWAY HE WON'T GET FIFI NOW.. I'VE LOCKED HER IN THE KITCHEN.. H'MM.. WHATS THAT TICKLING FEELING.. AROUND MY BOTTOM ??

OH NO!! HE'S ACTUALLY FUCKING ME 'COS HE CAN'T GET AT FIFI.. WHAT A SICK SICK THING.. ALSO HE'S MADE ME SMEAR MY PICTURE!!

pant pant

NEXT YEAR, AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.

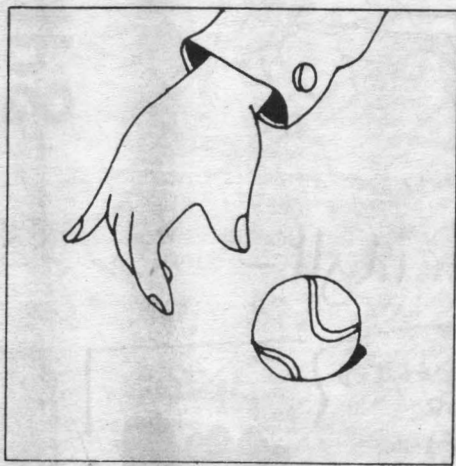
...I SEE THAT THIS ONE'S CALLED, "DRAWN, WHILST BEING FUCKED BY NEXT DOORS DOG" EXTRAORDINARY TITLE...

YES.. BUT ONE SHOULDN'T TAKE THESE THINGS LITERALLY.. THE ARTIST PROBABLY MEANS HE WAS DRUNK OR ON HEROIN OR SOMETHING...

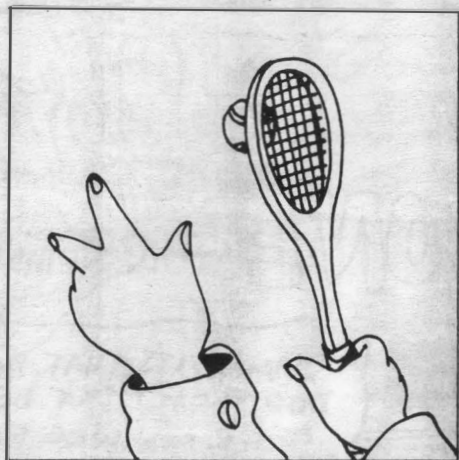


# Fundamentals (physics lesson)

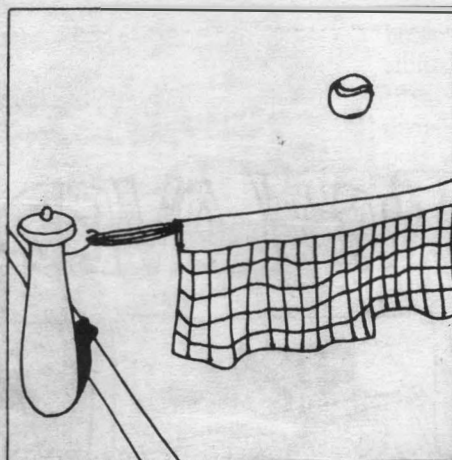
## physical education



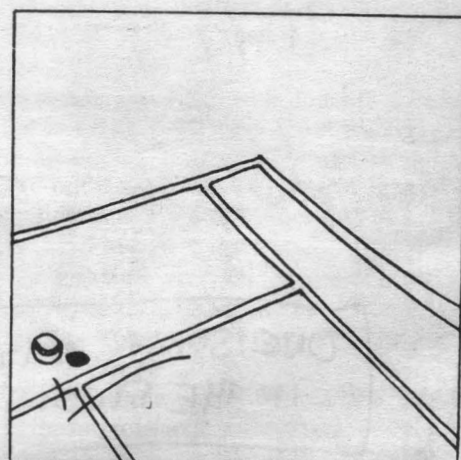
MATTER



ENERGY

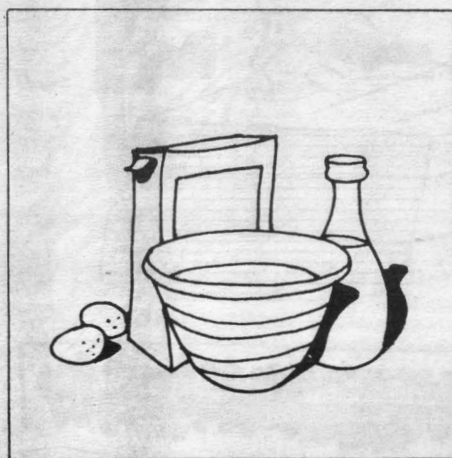


SPACE

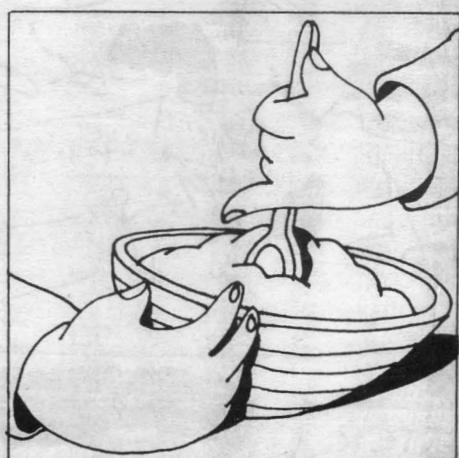


TIME

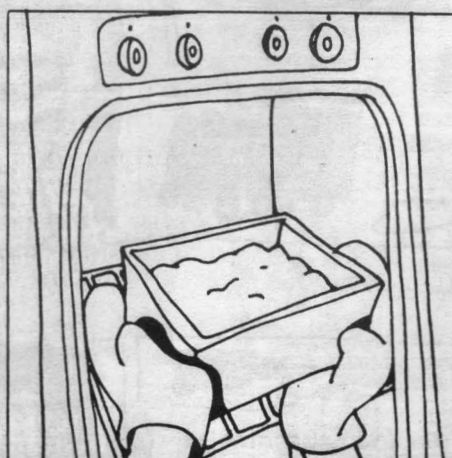
## physical transformation



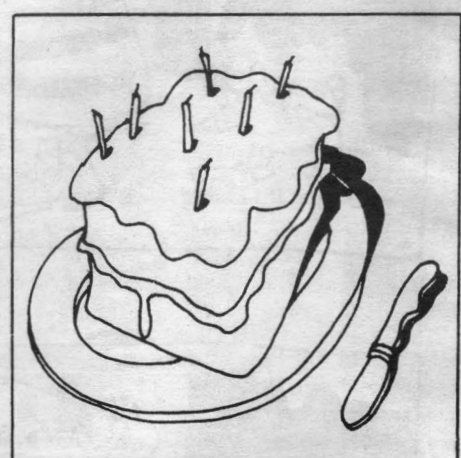
MATTER



ENERGY

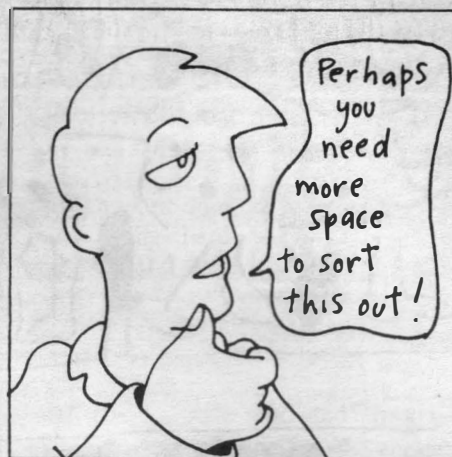


SPACE



TIME

## physical relationship



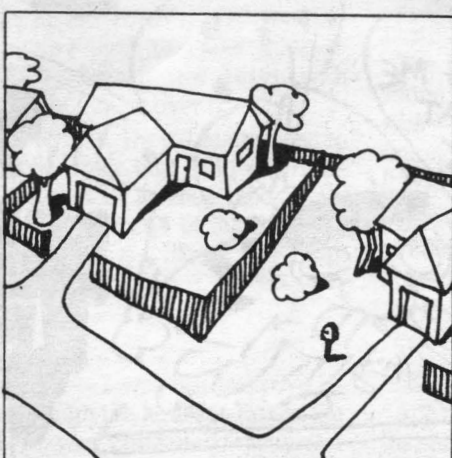
## physical constraints



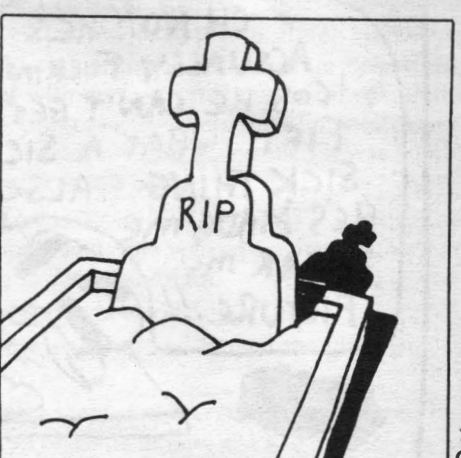
MATTER



ENERGY



SPACE



TIME







KIDS CORNER

with

WILE FUNBAGS and AUNTIE  
THIS WEEK - VOMIT: AN ORGANIC  
ARTISTIC MEDIUM...

YEAH - FOR THAT FUN POST-PUNK HAIR  
STYLE THAT WON'T DROOP AFTER A GOOD  
RAGE... EAT 4 BUNCHES OF SPINACH -  
OR SILVERBEET, ONE BOWL OF QUICK OATS AND  
YELLOW FOOD COLOUR - WAIT ONE HOUR - THEN  
'CHUCK' INTO A BOWL - DIP HEAD INTO BOWL AND  
SHAPE HAIR TO DESIRED STYLE...



OKAY - THIS ONE YOU CAN  
DO WITH A FRIEND... TO MAKE  
FUNNY MASKS!! BOTH KIDS  
EAT HALF A PACKET OF OATS, WITH  
PLENTY OF MILK, FOLLOWED BY 4  
BOILED POTATOES EACH AND 2 LARGE  
GRATED CARROTS. THEN COAT EACH OTHER'S  
FACE IN FRENCH CHALK (OR VASALINE) AND  
CUT OUT CARDBOARD SHAPES FOR EYE AND NOSE HOLES.  
WAIT ONE HOUR THEN THROW UP OVER ONE ANOTHER'S  
FACE - LIE DOWN IN SUN UNTIL VOMIT DRIES, PEEL OFF  
AND PAINT ON YOUR FAVORITE COLOURS...



WELL, WASN'T THAT FUN!!!  
KIDDIES, YOU CAN MAKE  
LOTS OF FUN THINGS USING  
VOMIT - JUST REMEMBER TO  
USE A SOLID BASE - SUCH AS  
OATS...

...AND NEXT MONTH WE'LL  
SHOW YOU HOW TO BUILD  
A 1/2 SCALE MODEL OF  
DRESDEN, USING ONLY  
TAMPONS, PANTY SHIELDS AND  
COTTON BADS... AND WE'LL  
ALSO SHOW YOU HOW TO  
FIRE BOMB IT...

UNTIL NEXT  
YEAR... BEEP BEEP...

GRAPHIC: HARRY BRAZIER

# TRACEY TELLS A TRUE STORY

FROM OUR CONFIDENTIAL FILES.

HI! TRACEY HERE! JUST A  
NORMAL TEENAGER, OR SO I  
THOUGHT - UNTIL I MET DANNY.  
HE WAS THE MOST  
POPULAR GUY ON THE  
TEAM - AND THE  
CUTEST.  
BUT THINGS DIDN'T  
WORK OUT AND NOW  
MY LIFE'S A REAL  
DISASTER. I'M SURE  
YOU'LL ENJOY MY STORY!



FROM THE MOMENT I SAW HIM  
I WAS IN LOVE! HE WAS JUST  
SO CUTE! I COULDN'T THINK  
STRAIGHT OR CONCENTRATE  
ON MY WORK AT ALL. ALL I  
COULD DO WAS DREAM OF  
DANNY.....



FOR A WHOLE YEAR I LOVED HIM.  
I WENT TO ALL HIS MATCHES. I  
SPRAYED MY SPECIAL PERFUME  
ONTO HIM BEFORE EVERY GAME.  
FOR LUCK - AND IN THE HOPE  
THAT HE'D NOTICE ME. BUT  
TO NO AVAIL. HE DIDN'T  
SEEM TO KNOW I EXISTED.



I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP  
EVERY NIGHT!



THEN THE EXAMS CAME.  
I FAILED EVERY SUBJECT.  
I WAS GOING TO BE A BIOMED-  
ICAL RESEARCHER BEFORE  
DANNY CAME ALONG. NOW I  
PACK SHELVES AT SAFEWAYS.



NOW I'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING  
TO CRY ABOUT. BUT AT LEAST I  
GET MY TISSUES AT A DISCOUNT  
SO I SUPPOSE IT COULD BE A  
LOT WORSE..



GRAPHIC: WINIFRED BELMONT



# THE KILLER GREELY STORY

PART 10

© 1988 David Tyrer

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**FOR THOSE WHO MISSED THE BOAT...**  
The art gallery heist has been a success and Killer Greely and Mouldy escape with the original Roy Lichtenstein. Immediately, several days later, they arrange to meet a fence to procure some urgently needed cash...

**NOW READ ON!**



That's an original **ROY LICHTENSTEIN!** I'll give you... ah... **THREE HUNDRED BUCKS!**

Yes! That sounds like a lot! We'll **TAKE IT!**

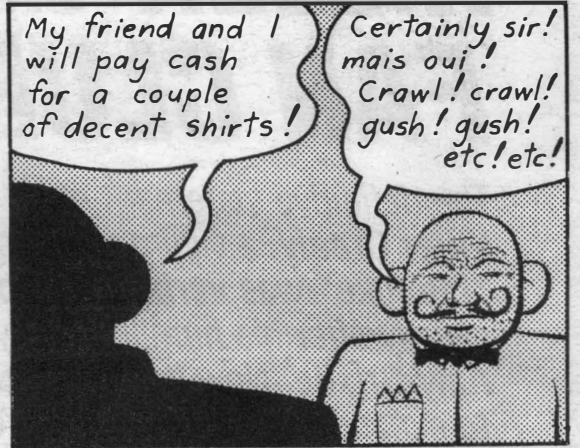


Mouldy! We're **RICH!** **3 HUNDRED BUCKS!** Now we can get a hideout - and some street clothes!



My friend and I will pay cash for a couple of decent shirts!

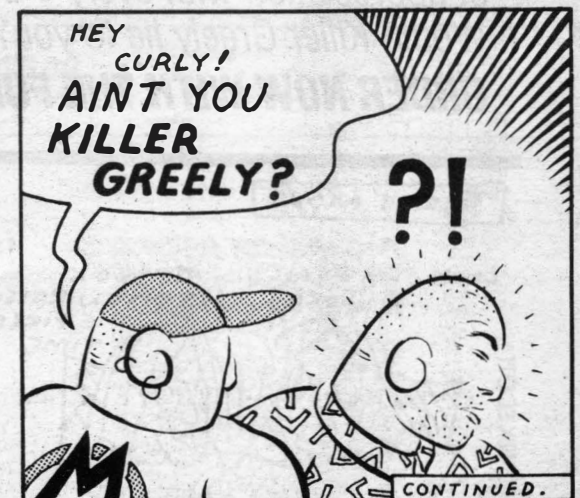
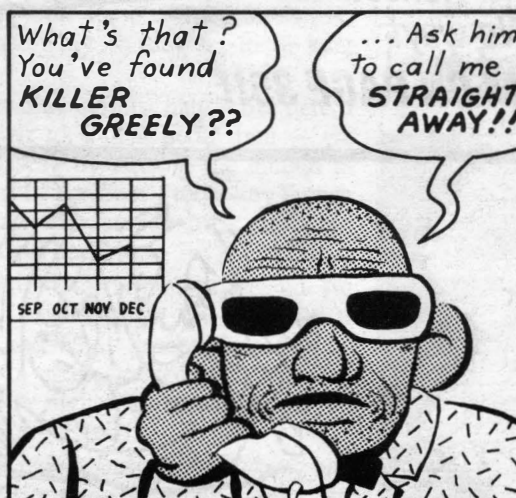
Certainly sir! mais oui! Crawl! crawl! gush! gush! etc! etc!



**NOPE!** The colours aint right! We don't like this one either!



Yes! That's it! We'll take **HALF A DOZEN!**

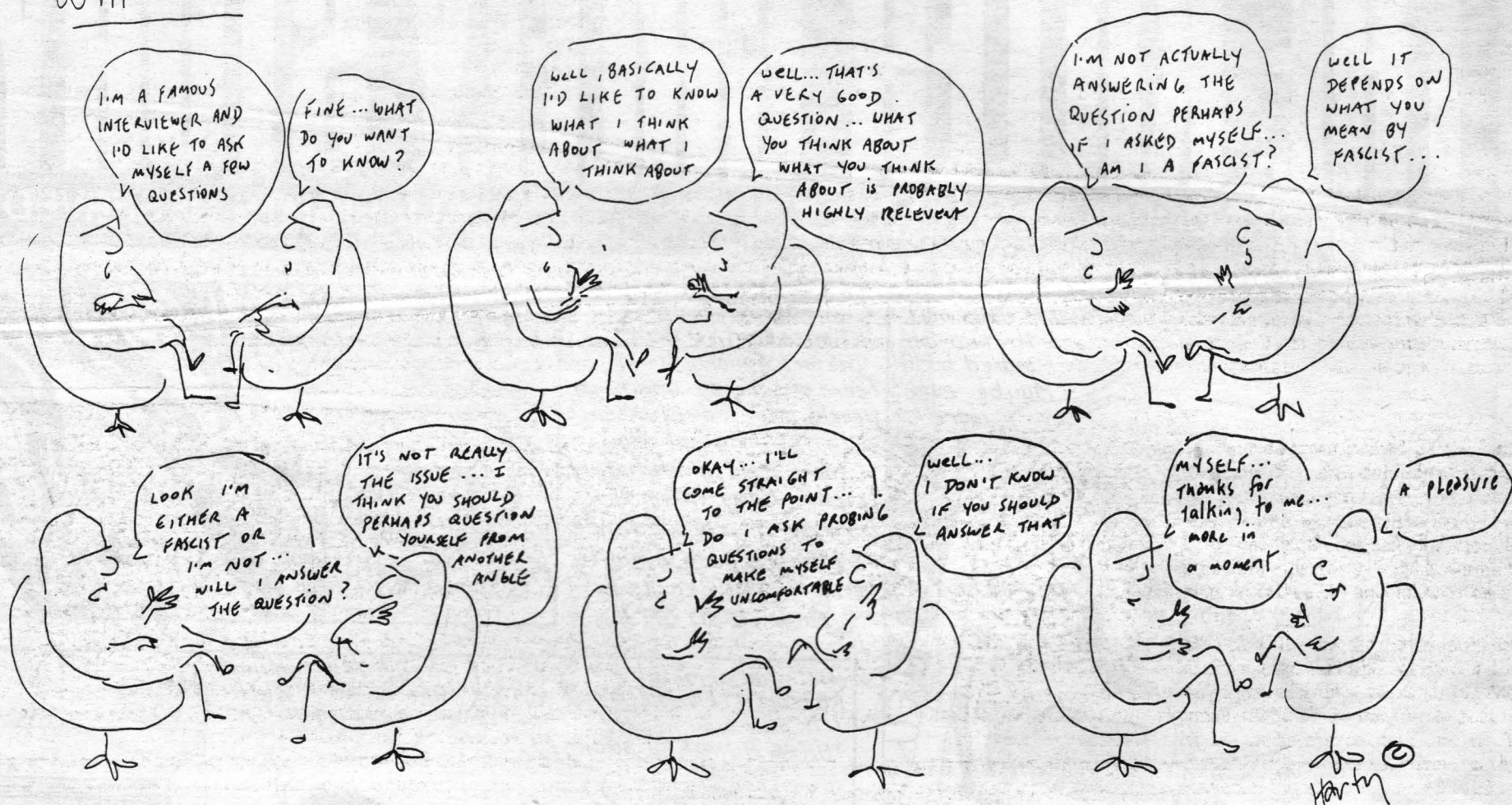


CONTINUED.



Will I See

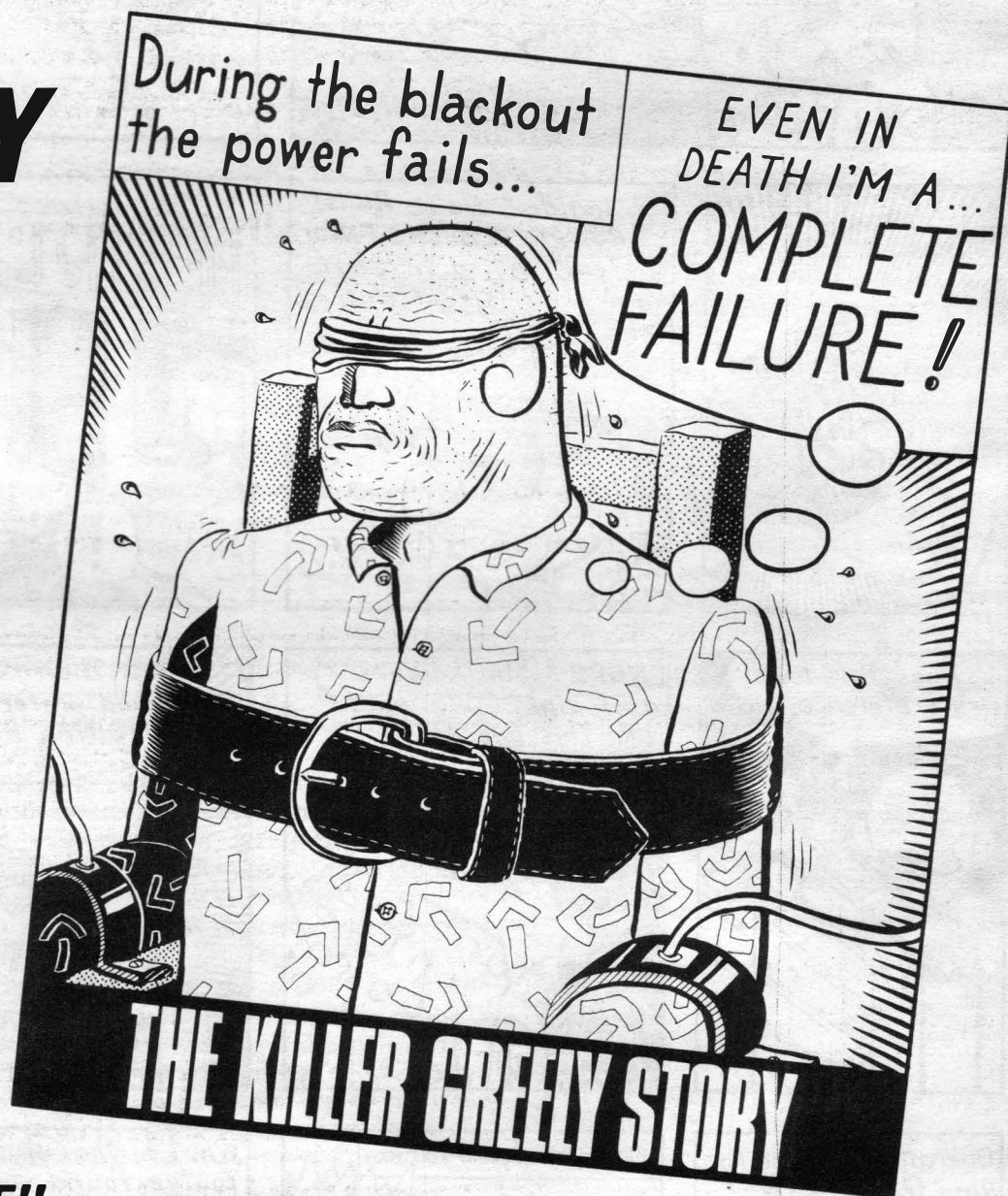
GRAPHIC: JANE HARTY



# THE OFFICIAL KILLER GREELY FAN CLUB

The definitive statement of an innocent abroad. **Killer Greely**, a victim of the system known as "the joke" was **verballed** into a life of crime shortly after his humiliation by **society and Amy Gristle**. Now that he's out, Killer is keen to expand his influence over Art and World Championship Wrestling, and you! Yes, Mr Greely now invites you to become a fully paid up Member of the **Killer Greely Fan Club** by the simple and painless act of purchasing this brand new age '90s **crew neck style TorsoShirt**. The new design has this specially drawn Dave Tyrer image measuring 33 x 42 cm. Your whole torso! So join **Killer Greely's Fan Club** now! Killer will be so glad you did that he will include a personally signed letter of appreciation with every T-Shirt. Honest. Would Killer Greely lie to you? No way!

**ORDER NOW WITH THE FORM ON PAGE 35!!**



## FIRST NIGHT

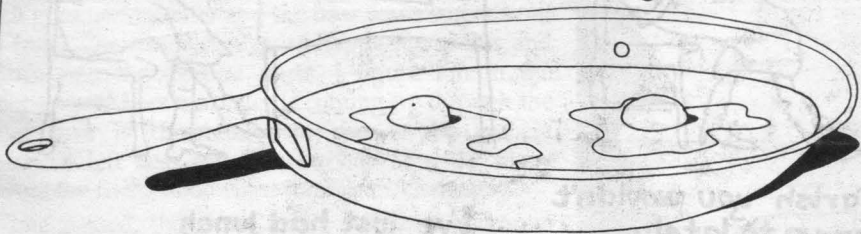
GRAPHIC: NIK SCOTT





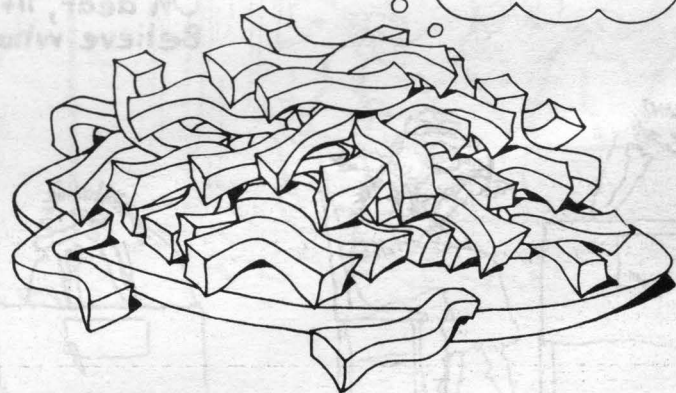
FOOD THOUGHTS

I GOT LAID  
BY MY MOTHER!



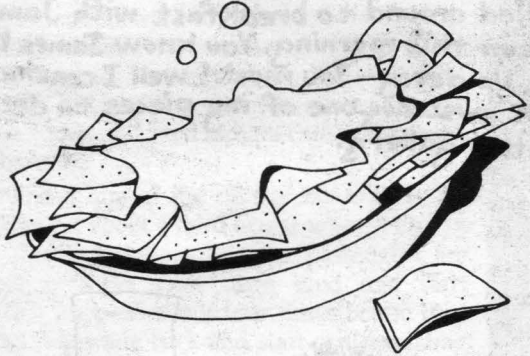
FREUD EGGS

WOULD ADDING SALT &  
VINEGAR BE HEDONISTIC  
OR THE EXERCISE OF  
INTELLIGENCE?



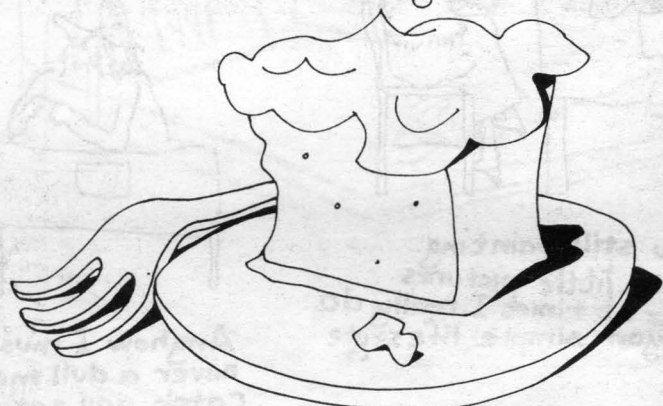
PLATO CHIPS

EINE KLEINE NACHO MUSIK!



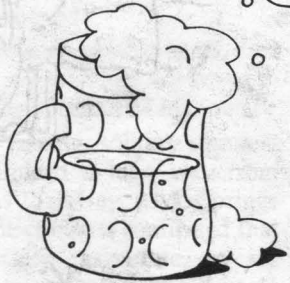
CORN CHIPS WITH MOZARTELLA CHEESE

TO ACHIEVE A JUST DESSERT,  
THE PASTRY & FILLING MUST ARISE  
AND OVERTHROW THIS BOURGEOIS  
MERINGUE HIERARCHY!!



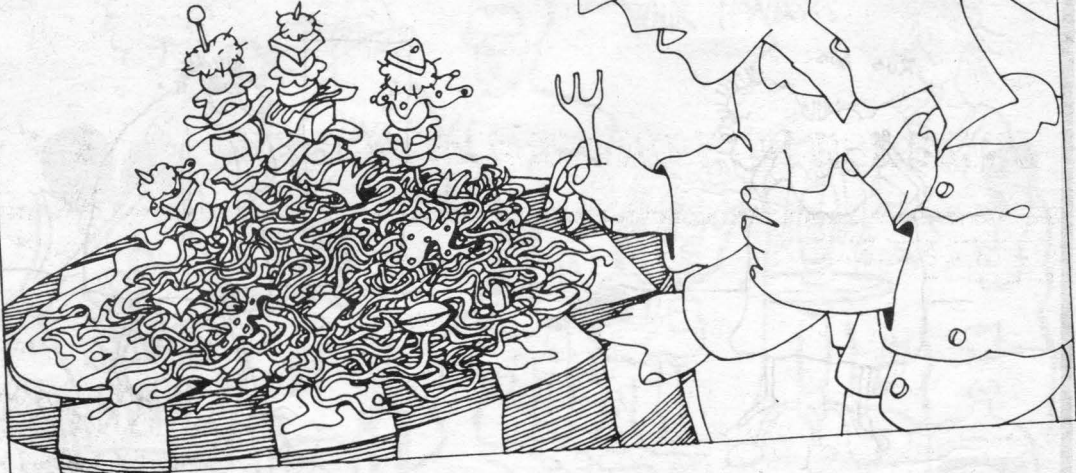
LENIN MERINGUE PIE

$E = mc^4$   
 $= mc^3$   
 $= mzzzz$



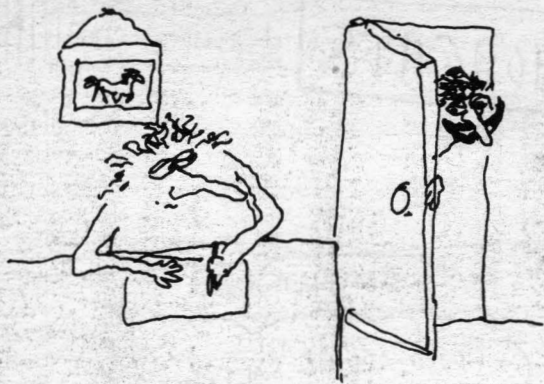
EIN-STEINLAGER

MAKES YOU THINK,  
DOESN'T IT?!

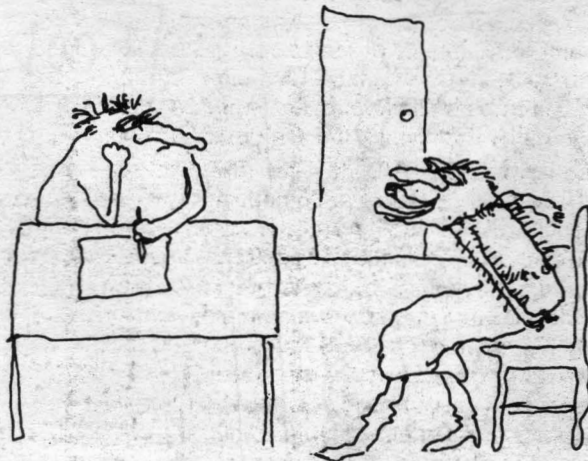


FOOD FOR THOUGHT





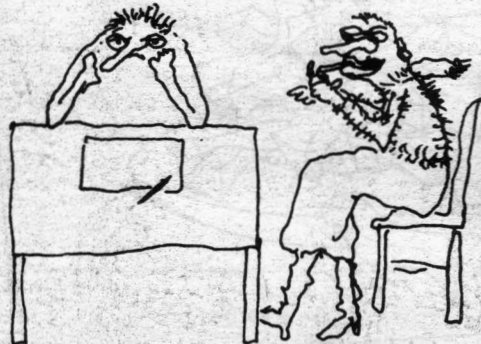
Yoo hoo hello dear, It's me, can't stay long, just dropped in for a moment!



Oh dear, life is such a rush you wouldn't Believe what I've been up to lately



I've just had lunch with Di Bubbles Fisher, she's such a sweet little dear.



We had a chat about the difficulties of financing yet another Brett Whitely retrospective.



Oh those Packer boys have been chasing me again. - Journalists are such messy dressers.



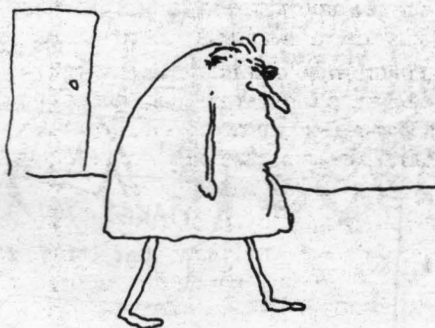
I called around to breakfast with James Moleson this morning. You know James baby Wake Up deery - You must! well I convinced him he just must buy one of my pieces to decorate his little gallery.



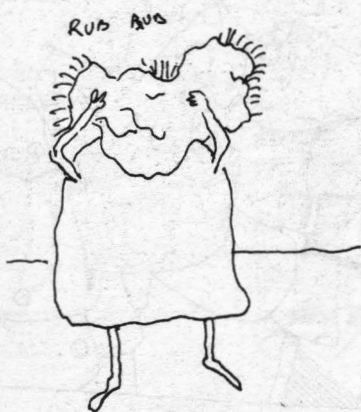
Are you still painting those cute little pictures you know - at times I really do envy you your simple lifestyle



Anyhow I must fly - never a dull moment deary. Catch you sometime later. Bye Love!



FLUSH!



Rub Avo



There, that feels better.



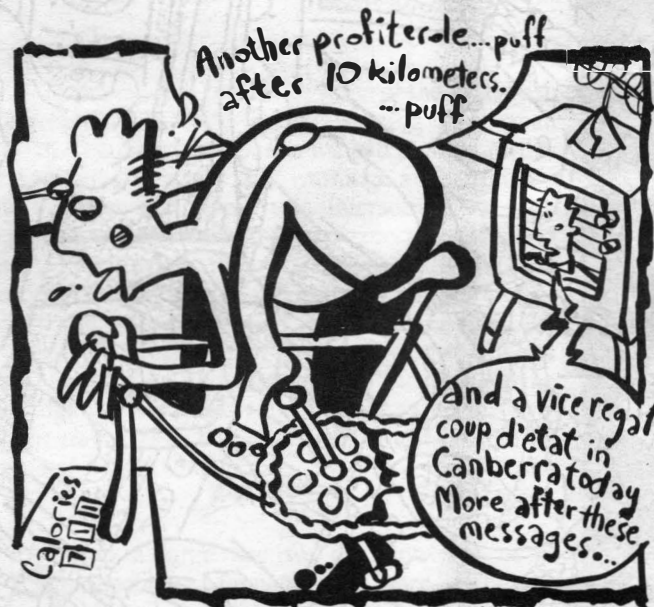
# Journal of the PLAQUE YEARS

Being an account of the pestilence which befell the citizens of Australis, the terrible damage it wreaked and the resistance offered to it.

In the reign of Elizabeth II, the first signs of the curse on us were discovered. A swelling of the body, a fate of surfeit fat and a growth of panic. Our bodies... ourselves were at risk.



The problem expanded. The figures of the victims grew alarmingly — 114,125 in the Parish of Stanley, 267,206 on the North Shore in the first year. The population was jogged into action. We needed to contain our raging.



The outbreak was traced to a shipment of infected Californian health books, but it was too late. We could no longer breathe easy. Cigarettes were tainted, our pleasures corrupted. We confronted our situation with courage and honesty.

The population lived in fear and hunger. Food stocks were down. It was a bare market. Our appetites were dead. Salt, sugar, butter and meat were implicated. Cholesterol we forget... the death toll mounted. Give us this day enough rope.



We went off all the off food and memories of caffeine left a bitter taste. Then we discovered air conditioners were conditioning us to extinction, sprays were spaying us and the biggest pests in the garden were pesticides. There were a wealth of solutions promoted.



As the epidemic spread, we were beasts of a terrible burden and we couldn't get it off like we used to. The line was drawn between our loins. Who would give us AID in these hard times? Our prime time show had been cancered.

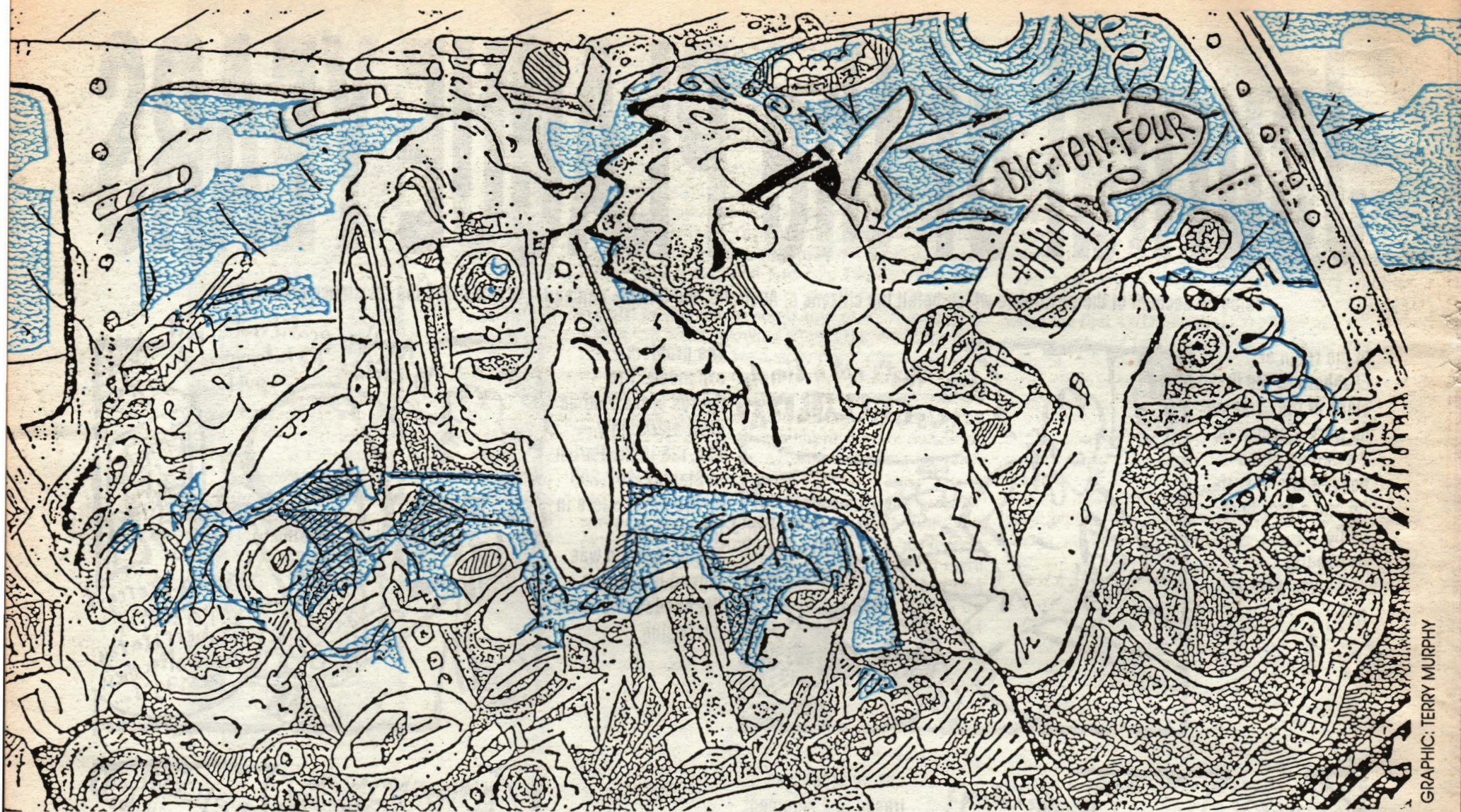


From the depths of despair, things took a turn for the worse. Suddenly, from all our television sets came... THE PLAQUE! This was the unsuspected horrifying final stage of the curse which had befallen us. The scientists were helpless. We had to grin and bare it.

Finally, after The Horror... The Horror, Salvation! There is a cure to this most ghastly of afflictions. Happiness is here and prosperity just around the corner after the next one. We can smile again. A miracle toothpaste will banish ill from the world.



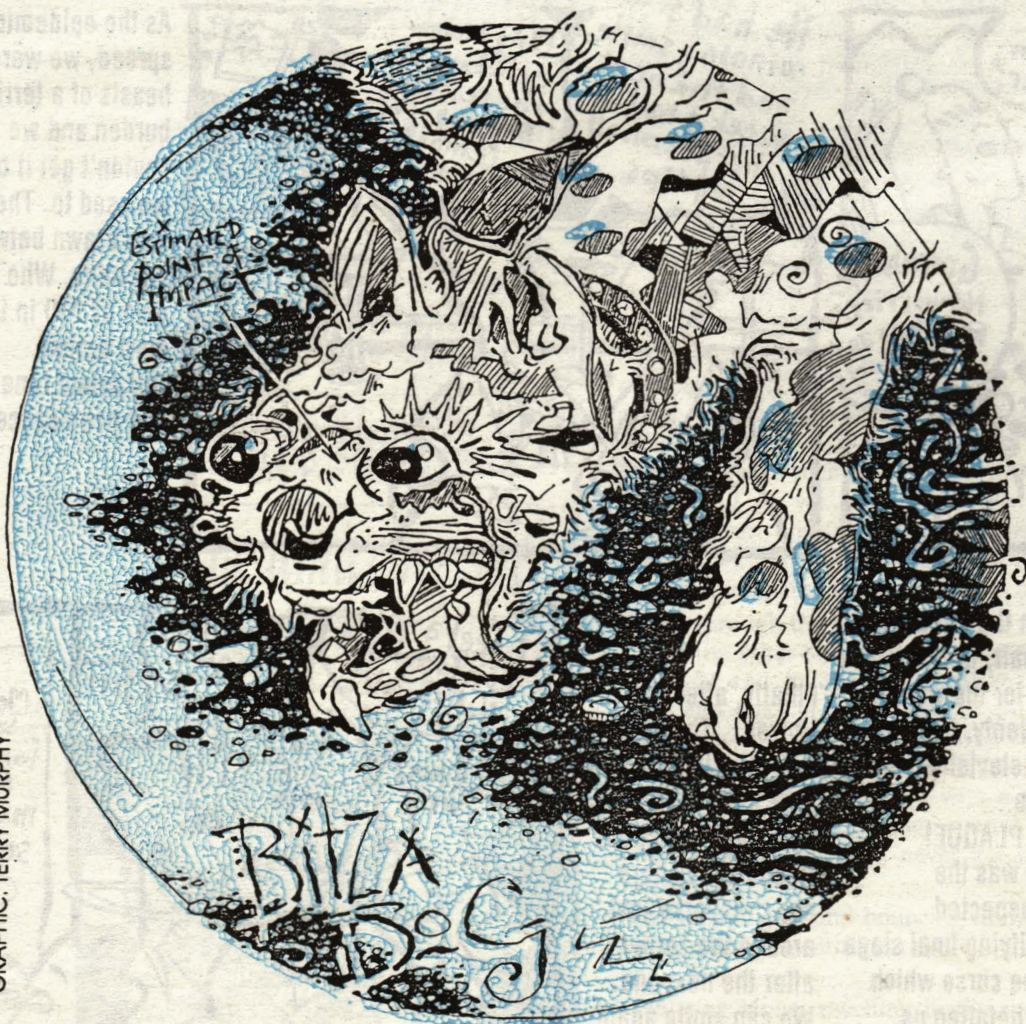




GRAPHIC: TERRY MURPHY

# YOU'LL NEVER GET THROUGH IN THAT

Johnny Le Roi de la Rue



GRAPHIC: TERRY MURPHY

The fog was setting in real thick now, with barely three guide posts ahead of us being picked out in the spotlights, but I suppose, an hour out from Brisbane on the Great Dividing Range in an Australian winter, it came as no great surprise. The bag of fog enveloped us and gave some time — in between wondering whether the road was going left, right or straight, or whether some itinerant animal was having a snooze on the road around the next bend — to reflect on the way ahead and the thoughts behind.

We were simple and had a simple idea — get out into the countryside, see some weird things and hope we weren't arrested for being too silly. After all, nobody could be that perverted to drive an 8000km loop from Brisbane to the Gulf, across the top to WA and down a road called the Tanami Track, suitable only for four wheel drives, all in in ten days without being seriously deranged and bound for disaster. We feared not. We were travelling with the mystic power of Ramon. Anyway, it seemed like a good idea at the time.

People who do this for a living are called motoring writers (muttering rotters), and they get paid real money to do it, but they go on for paragraphs about handling, ergonomics and the color of the upholstery but rarely do they have to say to themselves

"Will I get through in this?"

They don't have to worry, usually they're no more than a car phone call away from the company chopper and expense accounts.

I mean, what's the point? These people just don't understand the knife-edge fear involved in taking your own vehicle thousands of miles and kilometers away from the nearest credit card, garage or airport and placing it in a landscape more alien to most people than the moon, and when you're broken down on the Tanami track, the nearest human being is about 100k in any direction you'd care to name, and you haven't seen another car for the last five hours, and the sun is setting, you may as well be on the moon. But more of this later.



# TOAD TALES



As I said, it seemed like a good idea at the time, but it didn't look that good from Longreach to Cloncurry on the so called "beef road", not actually made of beef but straight lines on maps that look like great shortcuts on paper but, after a few road trains and some rain, turn into a black soil plains slippery slide that melted into the night of our second day. Maybe we should have realised then that something unexpected lay ahead. Surely it couldn't have been raining? Rain and dirt roads seem to have a peculiar affinity that keeps enough "Road Closed due to flooding" sign writers busy year-round.

After about 40 hours on the road, we make it to our first stop, Borooloola, on the western side of the Gulf of Carpentaria. This is the Northern Territory, the last frontier where the blood of animals and the sweat of human beings, or is that the blood of human beings and the sweat of animals, are frequently mixed. While waiting for the local store to open to get gas, it sure was interesting to see some of the locals getting their essential supplies. One guy bought two slabs of yellows (cartons of XXXX), 10 packets of drum and five bottles of metho!

We were beginning to realise that survival in the great open spaces is not for the weak gutted, although the slightly brain-damaged seem to have some advantage. Kind of like those people who, if it wasn't for their daily alcohol intake, would start seeing lots of previously invisible nasty things floating around in the air.

So it was onwards and westwards towards our first target; the Wolfe Creek meteor crater, a hole in the ground made when an objet de space about the size of a Mirage resort whacked into Australia's north west at around 40,000mph. Scientific types reckoned the sound was heard on the other side of the world, unless they were asleep. The world's second biggest extra-terrestrial hole in the ground. Now that's perverted. We had to see it.

But not before suffering the Night of the Donkeys.

The bitumen from Boorooloola to the Darwin-Adelaide highway curled lazily in the Northern Territory winter sun and a certain smugness crept over the crew as the trusty Nazi shaggen wagen purred along, seemingly lapping up the miles. Every now and again you'd check the gauges just to make sure everything was going OK. Sure oil pressure, temp, and revs all checked out, but all those tiny and large bits of metal involved in cross country travel set you thinking about metal fatigue and a serious breakdown.

Still, bitumen roads mean traffic, and traffic means help.

Our enchantment with the endless environment quickly lapsed about 15k south of Daly Waters with the beginning of 1200k of dirt road. Now dirt road is something that a lot of people have never come in contact with, for any distance, anyway. And it's not only dirt, it's sharp rocks, bulldust, cattle grids and all sorts of hidden bumps and grinds. Once upon a time there was a lot of it spread along Highway One, but these days its possible to do the round trip on sealed roads. So where's the fun in that? Where's the suspension-shaking, "what's around the next bend?" excitement on a bitumen road, eh? Where's the "Oh shit, were gonna die on this next hairpin creek-bed crossing" feeling that comes from travelling directly in contact with the earth's surface? The power out here is in the land and the sky. Become part of it or risk total alienation. Really.

The sun fell out of the sky, and a 1000k of nightshift dirt fell upon the three straining spotlights trying to separate the road from the land. An hour westwards and there was a light in the distance. As always, it's kind of hard to tell whether lights at night seen from a moving vehicle are stationary, as in a homestead or

roadhouse, or are in fact the spotties on a giant truck heading towards you on this same stretch of basically one lane road. We guessed the latter, luckily, and moved off into the bush as a 50mph storm of dust, rocks and the noise of a Mack road train thundered past about a metre to our right.

At least the windscreen didn't break. So with loud punk music blaring out through the PA to keep the local kangaroos at bay, a technique equally as effective and a whole lot less expensive than those new fangled roo-off devices, I fell into a coma and the copilot pushed on. I surfaced some time later on to be told that for the last two hours we had been followed by two utes full of drunken types who have been alternately almost forcing us off the road as they weaved past chucking empty tubes and then stopping some spot further on to cheer as we went past, then doing it all over again. A look at the map confirmed a nearby township, and a look at the time confirmed it was Saturday night. I tell you what, the sooner satellite TV gets out here the better, at least it would keep these sort of people off the roads and pissed in front of the television where they belong.

Day Four. 2 a.m. Back behind the wheels the wake of dust spilled out and according to the compass we were still headed in roughly the right direction. The stars were shining bright enough to be driving in starlight when the spots picked up something ahead. We slowed to a crawl and began to recognise what the shapes were; a group of about twenty feral donkeys, their wide eyes reflecting the lights, and quite unwilling to move out of the way. We stopped to form a strategy. The PA wasn't having much of an effect, even with the Sex Pistols at maximum volume, so we tried plan B — move slowly through them. We edged towards them. They edged away. We moved faster, they moved faster. OK, lets see how fast they can move. Up through second gear and into third at around 20mph and they were still out in front. We slowed, they slowed. We speeded up, they speeded up. We stopped, they stopped. For reasons best known to themselves, they just would not vacate the track.

We repeated this procedure about six times in the space of about half an hour before we realised that there was suddenly a lot of donkey shit splashed out in front of us. They were literally shitting themselves. It was sort of funny at first, but this kind of behaviour can eventually lead to dead donkeys, and we didn't really feel like being attacked by the grieving relatives. Then one would run off the track and parallel the others, and we were hoping that this would lead the others astray. Some broke out of the pack to join them such that we had about five donkeys off to the left or right, pounding along at top speed, and the rest of the herd spread out in front of us. Then they'd all get back on the road. A million square kilometres of country and they had to be on this road, then.

Eventually, with more than a slight amount of trepidation, we decided to drive through them, being totally aware that a collision could easily dent more than just the van. I tell ya, a herd of fully grown donkeys are not to be trifled with. We could get hurt! Or at least covered in donkey crap. So by splashing through the shit and threading our way amongst them carefully, we eventually passed and farewelled our gastric friends and suddenly became aware of the nature of the country.

Up till now, concentrating on scaring the shit out of the donkeys, the landscape was focussed in front of us, but now it had suddenly flattened out into a vast, flat plain, the slightly formed track peeling back in front of the lights.

Dawn arrived from the east and spied us wandering as lonely as small thing moving slowly in a very big space.

That morning saw us disturb some of the local bush turkeys and cross the second warning sign, small creeks. The inadequate maps we had studied of this region had all carried dire warnings about running out of water, and here it was, intersecting our path regularly, when we had been expecting dry and dusty. We drove on, the track now basically two tyre tracks in the wilderness and not showing any sign of recent use, a little worrying given that we had been on the road since sundown the day before and now it was about midday. Had we gone off the track during the night of the donkeys? Were we to be the next desert travellers to be found with dead eyes and no excuses?

Atop a large rise we can now see in all directions forever, at once. Through binoculars the faint track went past some buildings reflecting the light off their silver roofs; civilisation! Hall's Creek?

We drove on with some hope now, a wary eye on the fuel gauge, but not before we came to the torrent. This was another version of the infamous "creek" crossing; two raised brick tracks, the edge of one the wall of the weir that a foot or so of water was pouring over at a fair rate of knots. Trouble was that you couldn't see either of them in the middle so it was a case of educated and fearful guesswork to keep straight and not slip off into the gap between the tracks or over the six foot edge.

Down at the homestead a coupla children were hanging off the fencing, but quickly retreated at our approach. Figuring that they'd gone to fetch a rifle or two we retreated and drove on into the unknown. A welcome encounter with a lone 4WD that confirmed that indeed we were little more than 2 hours away from Halls Creek. Quelle relief!

3 p.m. Quite a few hills in the region and they're all covered with bright green spinifex. I'd always thought that spinifex was dry and brittle but to see the deep red hills with green bushes sprouting all over, a rare sight in the outback, is a natural wonder worth not forgetting. The track is quite rough in the rocky outcrop mould and it was with great joy that we rolled into Halls Creek and onto the local bitumen. Now for el crater.

The local service station proprietor looked at us in disbelief.

"You'll never get through in that, mate!" he drawled very unconcernedly.

"We've had over 30 inches of rain in the last month, and nobody's getting up through the Tanami, not even 4WDs."

This last remark was obviously meant to go with the epithet "stupid bloody tourists" but it remained unsaid. He added that the local police might know more, but don't count on it.

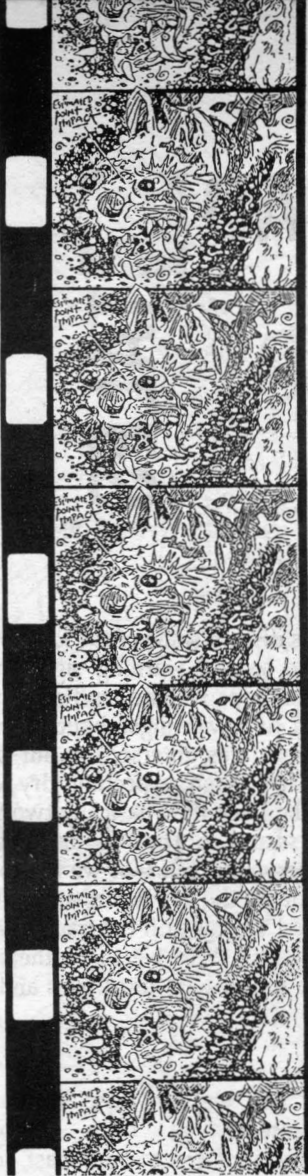
Parked outside the cop shop, we considered our options. One, back through the top end via Katherine. Two, around through Perth... But we were on a roll. A man wearing what seemed to be a boy scout's uniform strolled up to the window and we exchanged greetings.

He turned out to be the local cop, a likeable enough fellow in that don't-get-into-trouble-out-there kind of mould and he reckoned we might get through to the crater, but any further was out of the question. The only 2WD that had got through from the south had torn out it's transmission and stopped halfway.

How interesting, we thought, dismissing this dire warning much as we did the warnings on the map and set off into our fifth night.

Initially the road was rough but wide and then it gradually turned into a nightmare. The recent rains had turned the surface to mud into which various





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leave the place at  
the amazing speed  
of 24 hrs/mile.*

GRAPHIC: TERRY MURPHY



vehicles had carved giant sliding furrows that had solidified into channels that would grab the steering wheel and pull it every which-way. Still, about 4 in the a.m. we even managed to spot the tiny turn-off sign to the Crater and followed till we came to a pothole in the road that was bigger than the van and we stopped for the rest of the night.

The next morning the giant pothole turned out to be a giant pothole, but with a bit of off-roading it was overcome. Definitely worth the trip, we decided, after we had climbed the 250m and stood atop the space alien's calling card and surveyed the flat earth that stretched out to the horizon on all sides. The crater seemed to function as some kind of wind generator, with a stiff breeze blowing around the rim, but it was hot and still once we'd scrambled down the wall lined with small trees and spiders big as your hand. In the middle of the crater floor was a reasonable sized lake, complete with flying wildlife. After filming some Three Stooges impressions of ourselves, we decided to push on, figuring that going forwards couldn't be worse than going back.

How foolish that seems in retrospect. Now we were really heading into the unknown, with only our pitifully inadequate road atlas and a fervent pioneering spirit. Heading back to the turn-off there was an insignificant road off to the left that had colored ribbons tied to some bushes. Of course we ignored it and headed off down the track we'd turned off the previous night.

After about an hour the "road" seemed to suddenly vanish in a collection of big trucks. A D9 was struggling to extricate a semi from a very bogged position.

Was this the end of the road? I've often been told to ask the locals in situations like this, so we did.

What we got was a stream of invective from a charming gentleman who informed us that he'd had his truck stuck there for the past week and had had it up to here with stupid bloody tourists getting in the way. He warned us against going further and pointed to a freshly graded track into the bush that would bring us out at the road from the crater down to the Tanami.

He added, "You'll never get through in that, mate".

**W**e left quickly, stalled trying to make the leap from one road to the other, tried again and set off in first gear through some very sticky mud and earth.

At 11 a.m. we went through our first big test, a bog hole full of extra gooey mud and a route we marked out with sticks to avoid dropping into the 2 metre deep holes. Up to this point the track had varied from the huge corrugations of last night to a vee shaped depression filled with sand. At some points there would have been at least a 5 foot of clearance under the van.

Filled now with a certain devil-may-care attitude we pushed on, the recent rains having turned the bush green with life, and the fabled wild flowers were everywhere. The deep blue cloudless sky filled both horizons, and the cop's warnings about impassable stretches of water became lost in the magic of this terribly lonely place.

Sturt's Creek, pushing its way to Lake Eyre, crossed our path over a concrete causeway, a good foot of water washing around the wheels; surely the road would get better from here on in. But no. The blue of the sky ahead seemed to reach down to the land ahead, but as we moved closer we saw, with a sinking heart, the track disappear into a mile wide stretch of water; from the height of the surrounding scrub we estimated it to be about 3m deep. Hmmm.

Then through the binoculars we saw a Land Rover across the other side approach, slow down, turn to the right and follow a path alongside the water's edge and emerge quite close to us; the aboriginal occupants eyed us warily, as well they might, and proceeded to cast grave doubts on our abilities to traverse the way ahead. So with a nasty sideways glance in our direction they roared off. I'm sure I heard them say, "You'll never get through in that whitey!"

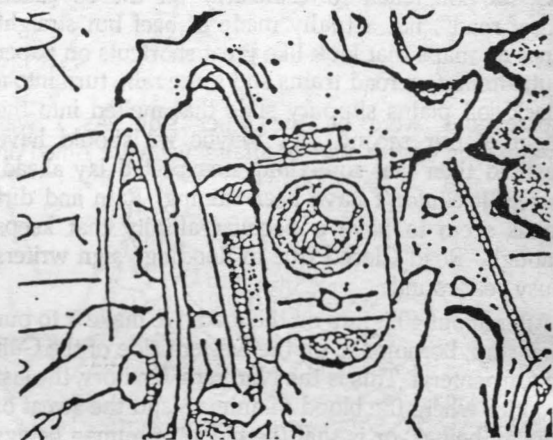
But in first gear and bouncing from one end of the suspension to the other we made it around and drove on.

Plugging along, revelling in the fine weather and the solitude, full of our own ideas and invincibility, our fuel consumption dramatically increased with the constant first and second gear work slurping our finite supplies at around 10mpg. And there's still 200k to the wonderfully named Rabbit Flat roadhouse. 1.30 p.m.

**A**t last we've found it, the much talked about impassable stretch. About a mile wide, there were two tyre tracks through a combination mudhole/lake. Depth of water up to 3 feet in parts and lots of gooey N.T. mud in between. We waded across to test the depth up close and to formulate our strategy with thoughts of "you'll never get through in that, mate" whispering on the gentle breeze.

Constant monitoring of the depth showed that the water level was dropping an inch or so every hour so we decided to wait till the next day and try our luck.

The next day. Another brilliant Territory sunrise woke up every bit of wildlife. A Territory sunrise is when the first 4WD passes by. A Nissan ute stopped near where our heads were resting in the morning twilight. "Giddyay" we said sleepily, then our hopes were raised as we realised that this vehicle has come from across the water.



The driver and his pardner eyed us with some outback suspicion, as well they might; six days on the road and our synapses must be doing something to our appearance. It's 5 a.m. for Pete's sake!

He looked again and more or less says — shit, you idiots aren't gonna try and get through that!? We confirm his opinion by answering in the affirmative as it dawns on us that he could help.

I think he sensed that too 'cause he slammed into first gear and headed off with no more than a thought like, "They'll still be here when I get back".

We may as well get up, so we do, the day's task ranking in our minds as highly as Ron Casey playing the Vietnamese Hilton.

But there was no turning back. The way behind seemed equally as daunting.

**W**e came up with plan A. Increase ground clearance! Ipso facto, take all the weight out of the van, go across, then carry everything over. We were young, strong, and pretty stupid. Like Burke and Wills and every other white Australian explorer learnt, it's a long way from A to B, even when it doesn't look that far, but never think about carrying a spare tyre or gas fridge across 500m of mud and water before you do it; you never would.

9 a.m. Everything was out and on the side of the road as we prepared for the final assault on our personal Everest; cunningly we adapted the air cleaner intake hose to double as an above the waterline exhaust pipe and we douse the engine with RP7. It was about this time what seemed like a saviour dropped by, but as with all claimants to a higher plane, they weren't.

"Say, howedya like to hang about and see if we can make it to the other side?"

They turned out to be tourists from Chermside in Brisbane. Small world, huh? These people obviously had learnt from their country cousins not to get involved with weirdos in Kombis going where there multibuck 4WDs could.

"Look, why don't we just go across first? (and not get stuck behind you guys)" — and they did.

It seemed it took ages for them to cross, and we were pretty impressed with the amount of water they were displacing and the number of revs they were using in the deepest part.

Hey, we can do that, maybe, and it was now or never. I took the van back up the track and tried to get some heat into the motor, making sure of the technique needed to keep it running — foot on the accelerator.

The copilot sloshed across the first mud section and waited half way across on a mud knoll with the camera to film this epic episode of idiots versus nature. So with adrenalin pumping, it was into the fray.

It was slippery mud city, the front wheels wanting to go anywhere but straight. We didn't bog down, at



least not until the steering wheel was wrenched from my hands by two grooves in the track that went suddenly off to the left and onto the copilot's mud mound; the left rear wheel starting to sink into the goo, but the right wheel remaining high and dry. Stopped, but the motor is still running.

To the left, a lot of mud; ahead the deep water section. We survey the scene, and hope we can coax it back into the track. With a lurch and the copilot pushing, we launch the van back into the groove and into the water, the engine taking on a subdued note as it goes under water and the bow wave spreads out in front. The van seems quite happy about this and chugs into the deepest parts. I figure I'm in the deepest part because water is coming up through the floor and is threatening to drown the camera foolishly left near my feet. Luckily I grab it away before the rising flood ruins its \$600 mechanism.

Time passed, the water inside stabilised and soon the opposite shore loomed and then it's across. The rush of joy at this accomplishment was overwhelming. This is good, I thought, what's the next challenge? Then I remembered. All our worldly possessions were on the other side. As I was ruminating on this state of affairs, we were joined on the victors side by a Bill King's Outback Tours 4WD bus full of less adventurous types on their way to Wolfe Creek.

The driver alighted, casting a wary eye over the track through the mud. I questioned him about the road down to the Alice. He conceded that there's some rough country ahead but all we had to do is follow the track he's blazed through the bush around some of the deeper sand tracks and once we got back into the N.T. the road gets a lot better; a virtual super-highway. That was something to look forward to. He explained that the 4WD function is slightly out of action. I look at the track of the bus and the width of the track. Oh dear, seems they're just about a foot too wide. Then he looks at the kombi and I tell him that we got through "no worries, mate".

This convinced him of the ease of his task, so off they go. They get about a third across when it digs in and bogs down. I smile a lot. The passengers are herded out into the knee deep mud and start pushing. This happens about four times before they get it across. We wade back and start contemplating the shift. We chat to the tourists, one of whom was more than willing to join us to escape from the terminally boring tour, but who had invested enough cash to stay with them. I reflect on this alternative way to the heartland. I smile a lot.

It's now noon and there's still a lot of stuff to move across the water. The strain of the last few days tells on me a bit when I threatened to inflict violence on my copilot. It must have looked pretty silly, two grown idiots facing off with verbal daggers drawn. I pictured myself as I looked down on the scene as if from a helicopter. The curvature of the earth all around, a brilliant blue sky, a lot of vastness, and it only takes two people to fuck it up. Take a tip from one who knows — always start off the day with a heart starter — you'll feel much better later on.

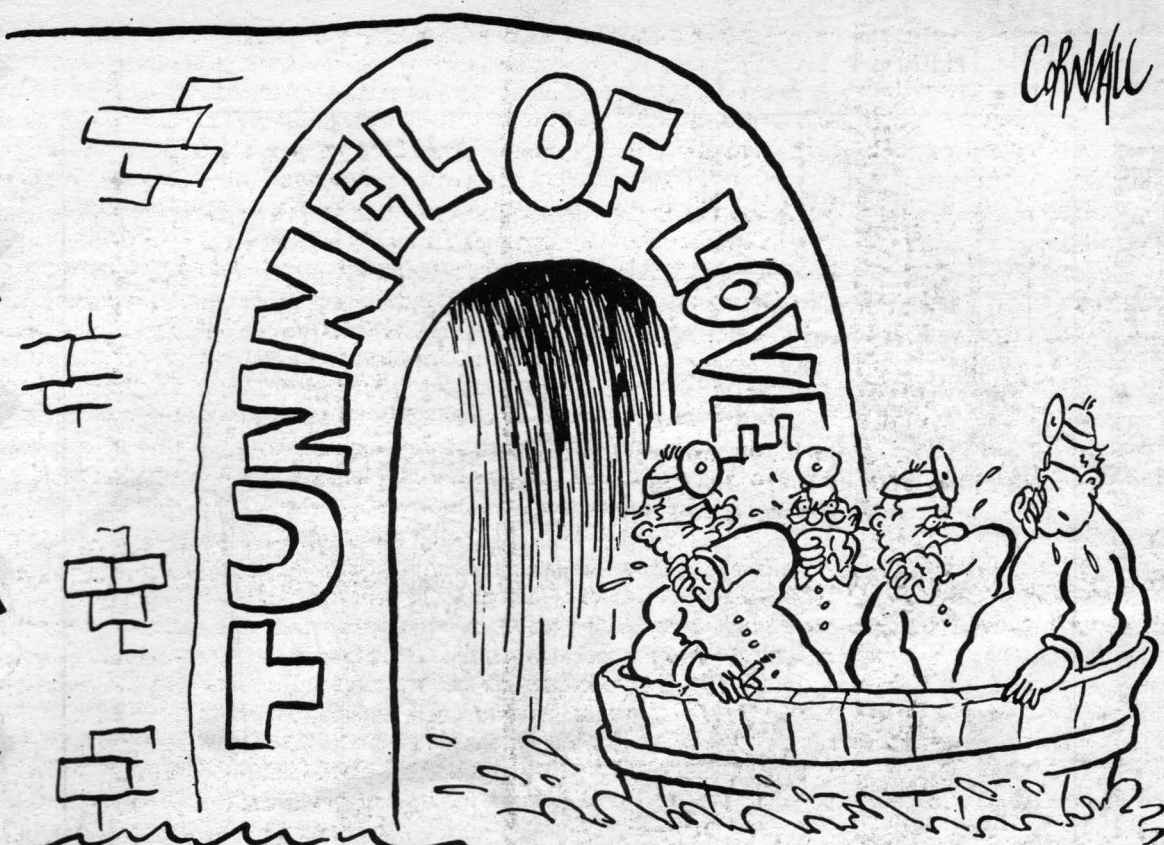
So finally we manage to stumble across the water trap with the last piece of stuff, bolt it back in and get ready to move when this early morning's visitors return from across the sea, bloody surprised to see us there as well.

"What happened, you get bogged?"

"Nuh", we reply, as if it was no trouble at all, "we were just appreciating the scenery", as we casually leave the place at the amazing speed of 24 hrs/mile.

A ways down the road a rusting, solitary signpost confirmed that we were indeed a long way from home. It said Bargo Downs thataway, Alice Springs this way. A long check on the compass confirmed that our map was indeed wildly inaccurate, so we followed what was left of our wits. Night fell again and we went slap bang into a deep sand drift. Lowering the tyre pressure had us moving cautiously till the next sand drift, where we stopped for the night.

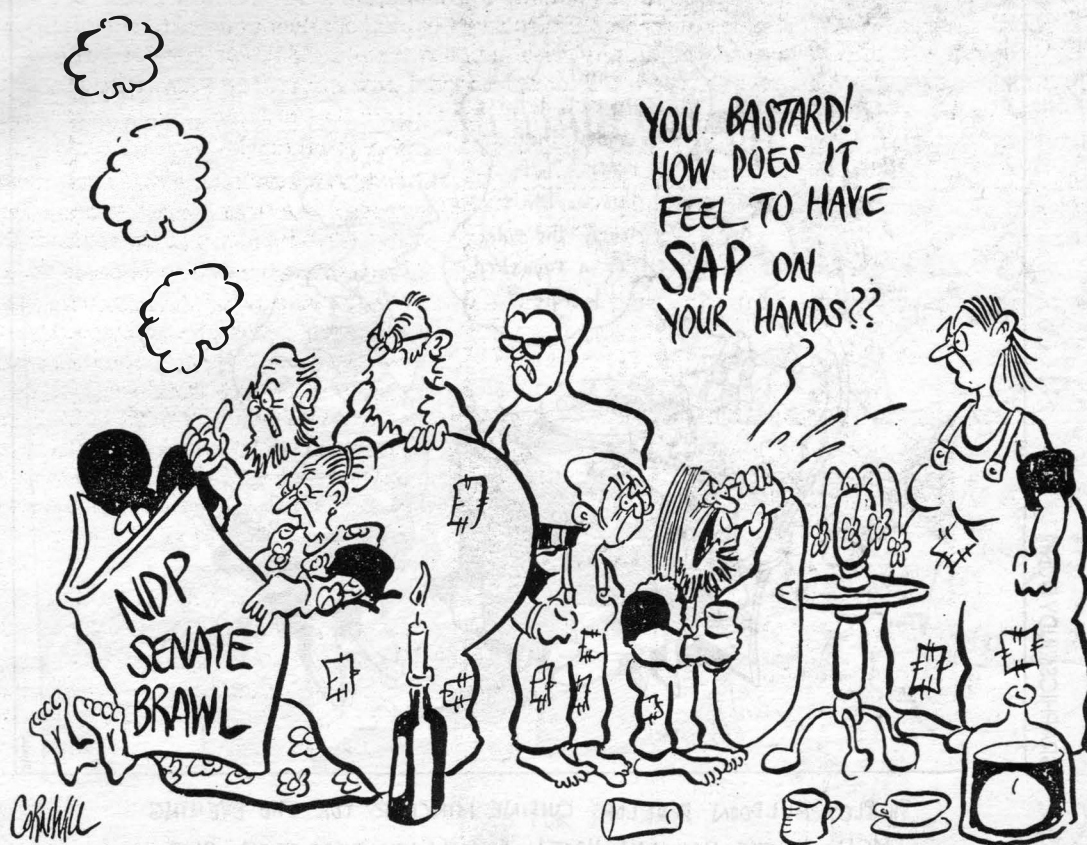
Day Seven. We were hoping that today might be the day we finally got up into third gear. Manual gearboxes are fine for most things but two days of first and second gear work had grown strange aches in the clutch leg, and a new syndrome, accelerator ankle, had just been invented, but no more than half an hour down the track bought us to quick stop. Sand. Lots of it. Kin' of like a huge



Cornwall



Cornwall

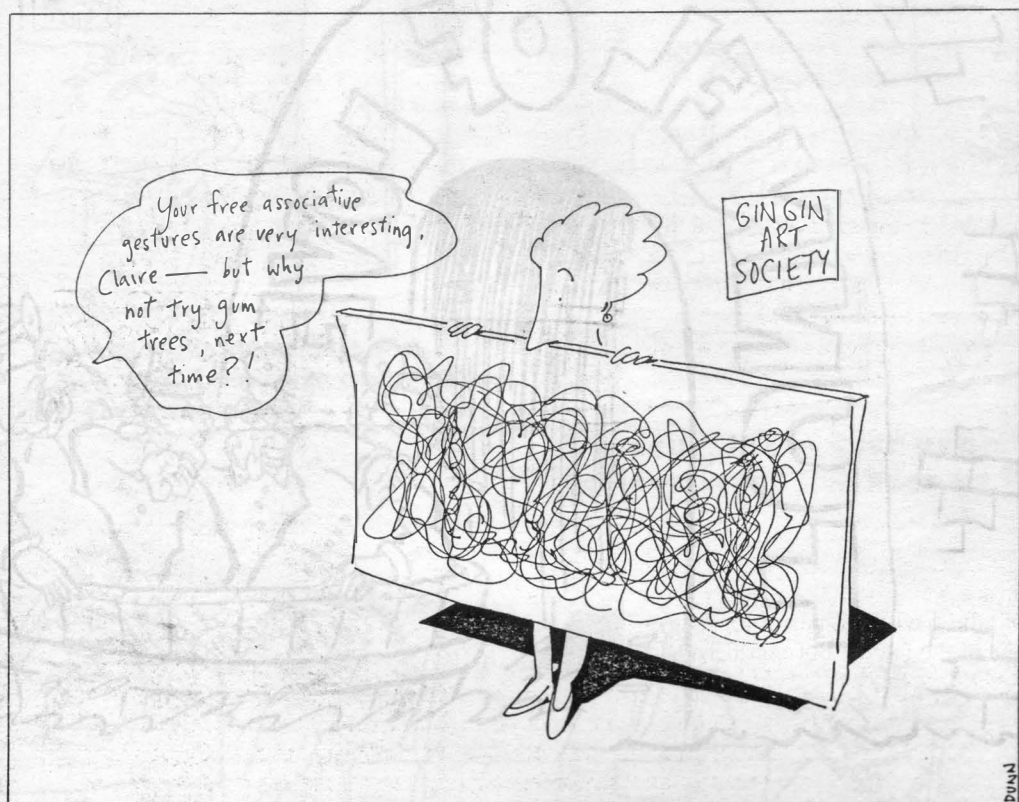


Cornwall



## BAD TIMING

LITTLE-KNOWN VICTIMS OF THE  
"WRONG TIME/WRONG PLACE" PHENOMENON!



CLAIRE BUDDLE, 42, PAINTS "BLUE POLES" IN GINGIN, QUEENSLAND, ON 27TH FEBRUARY, 1955.



TONY ROMEO WRITES "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT" IN LONG BAY GAOL, DURING A TERM FOR PETTY LARCENY — MAY/SEPT, 1973.



SHIRLEY MULDOON DEVELOPS CUISINE MINCEUR FOR THE EVENING MEAL AT THE RAILWAY HOTEL, COROWA, IN DECEMBER, 1983.

sand trap on a gigantic golf course, the track disappeared as far as the eye could see and the brain could comprehend, into a sea of fine, wind-blown desert's finest.

I snapped back to an incident in Perth a few years before, when I found out that the entire city is built on an ex-desert. I did this by doing a totally illegal u-turn using half the footpath as the road. Suddenly, all traction went away down through the footpath and into the bottomless sand trap. Luckily a passing motorist proffered a tow rope to get us out.

They thought it was pretty funny. Two kilometres from the heart of Perth city and well and truly bogged.

I snapped back. We're at least 200km from civilisation in any direction. Caution was advised. As predicted, right next to the track, latent bush skills emerged as we noticed a path that had been pushed through the scrub by the previous day's bus.

Unhappily for us, the only problem was that all the pointy branches on all the scrub had been pushed forward menacingly at any oncoming rubber tyres, and we had four of them. Still, better the ground you know as solid than the sand you don't.

Amazingly, the tyres remained unperturbed, a tribute to their steel innards, and we crawled over the flattened plant life till the new merged back into the sand. We decided to cross and get into the scrub opposite. The grass was theener on the other side.

To achieve this we backed up enough to take it up to third gear to get the momentum to leap into and out of the sandpit and up the bank that formed the border of the track. Not a good plan. On contact with the sand, the van sank and stopped. Spinning the wheels wasn't helping either. So out came the long shovel and we dug a lot of sand. A lot. We moved forward about four feet then dug in again. We started digging again. We moved forward about four feet then dug in again. We started digging again. Hmm. Wonder how far it is to the end of this stretch. We relaxed. This is just going to take time. We wander down the track for five minutes. The sand seems to go on for a long way yet. Sand is good for one thing, though; it leaves a record of the tracks of anything that's crossed the track, some 'roo tracks here, some snake trails there, and some trails that conjured up images of a giant, human eating monster. A head clearer and back to work on the sand.

The mind tends to wander a bit in the desert when you're thinking about how long it'll be till the next car comes your way. We knew that the sand couldn't go on forever 'cause the bus driver said "Follow the tracks, through the sand and into N.T. again. The road gets good after that" and rather than go back through the water again, we weren't turning back. These thoughts were humming along when the unmistakable sound of a 4WD working hard came up from the distance, and sure enough about 10 minutes later a green Tojo pulling a trailer crawled its way along the track and into our view; then a red Range Rover emerged from the scrub.

These guys weren't taking any chances; if the one on the track bogged they could get it out, and vice versa. They looked at us with some sense of superiority, as if to say "you'll never get through in that thing, mate".

Well, we weren't at the time but we were certainly willing to try.

"Let the tyres down?" said one.

Of course we'd let the tyres down. Any further and they'd be off the rim!

"Tried going through the scrub?"

"Yeh, but it was getting a bit thick and we don't have a logger's licence".

One of them proffered the idea of following the Rangies track. The sand was only for another 5k. After that they said it's a super-highway to the Alice. Super-highway? Yeah, really? We could sniff that super-highway, we wanted it, so via a snatchum strap we lurched out of the sand trap into the scrub.

I was opening the side door to get at the tyre pump when the door came off its hinge and fell off. For our rescuers, this was the final nail in our coffin. They shook their heads. The outback isn't for these low life, it's for honest 4WDers like us. I told them the door was like that and it made it easier to get out stuff from the back. I don't think they bought it, but it was worth a try. As they left they gave us dire warning.

"Don't run into an ants nest."

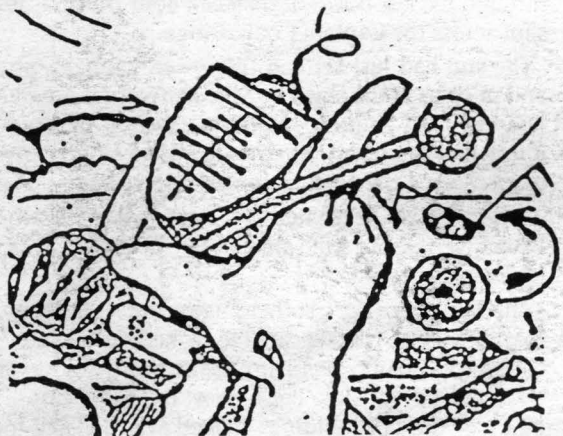
Great. As if you could miss a six foot high red mound.



With tyres up to pressure, we crawled off again, trying to pick out the faint trail that the Range Rover had left. More ground clearance! All we could do was to remove the muffler which seemed be one reason we built up so much sand under the van.

It's kind of hard to describe the sound a VW engine without a muffler makes, but it sounded just right for the peril we were about to undertake. It's not as easy as it sounds, even with forward control vision. The scrub all looks the same, so thick it was impossible to see the track more than 3m away, during broad daylight.

But at least we were moving forward, at about 5km/hr. Bring on the super-highway!



They didn't tell us that ant hills could also be about 2 foot tall and hide behind little grassy bushes that filled up the spaces in between the 8 foot scrub trees. Bang went the front suspension as it went through its full range of travel, and then some. Normally you'd stop and have a look to see if anything was severely damaged, but the thought of bogging down again by stopping overrode any such inspection, so we kept going, now not trusting even the smallest piece of vegetation. With the copilot walking ahead to pick out the best way through the bush, we went forward till the scrub closed in again and forced us back to the sand filled track.

Now there was only one course of action, the old two wheels up on the bank and two wheels in the sand trick — the only drawback was the angle from the perpendicular, yet this is a proven technique that only needs one driving wheel to have traction. We lurched onto the track and up the bank on the other side. We weren't too far from tipping over into the sand so we hoped that the bank would stay pretty level.

With the branches of the trees whipping against the windscreen, we drove headlong, engine growling, nerves on edge, waiting to overturn or crash heavily into a hidden hole.

Then ahead, the super-highway, a sign tantalised us. We hurtled closer. No stopping now, so we didn't. The track turned solid. We'd made it!

Seven hours to travel 10km. The muffler was back on. The super-highway lasted about two minutes. Seems some recent rain had totally destroyed the road so we had to crawl along two raised tracks beside the deadly sucking sand and a 30ft drop.

Then the road came back, and then disappeared into... more sand. But these were only drifts, about 200-300m across, perhaps with enough speed we could do it. Engine straining we pushed through at about 30mph. No problem. Evidence of recent grading raised our hopes. The fabled third gear opportunity had arrived. A minute later, disaster struck. The motor stopped, and it wouldn't start again.

Fuel? Electrical? Where are we? Is it terminal? Lots of options, and no garage or phone for another 100km. So we checked the electricals. No joy. There was petrol going out of the fuel pump, so maybe it stopped at the carby. Off with the solex, we find some dirt in it, we put it back.

Doing this sort of thing miles from nowhere gives a certain urgency to tricky things like pulling carbs apart. There's so many little thingies inside them that you didn't really want to drop in the dirt to become lost forever.

But we managed not to lose anything and put it back together without having bits left over.

Unfortunately, it still didn't start, and we began to wonder how much power the battery had left. Will the problem be fixed and then have no starter to start it?

Back to the electrics. Swap the coil, check the plugs, put in new points. Nothing. The sun is now threatening to disappear, and darkness makes it that much easier to lose the ittie bits. And we've only seen one group of people today. Could be stuck for a week or more, even though the cops in Halls Creek know we're out here.

We seem to have run out of solutions. We'll try anything now. A call on the CB confirms that we're a little short on range — all we get is a hash of black voices drifting in and out on all channels.

Sounds like they're calling up the dreamtime, as the crackle and hiss of the A.M. band fades across our ears. We really are on our own. We decide that an offering of some worth must be made to appease the land spirits that have stopped us here.

Ramon, our stuffed parrot, looked pretty good in his perch behind the drivers seat. We had smoked and talked with the parrot for 7 days now, and he was one of the family. But sacrifices had to be made. We placed our mounted friend on a branch of a nearby gum tree, with a view to the four ends of the earth, and all the fresh air he couldn't breathe.

We pull out the carb once more and notice that a clamp on the fuel line has pinched the hose, letting unknown amounts of sand in. More dirt in the innards which we clean out. Night crowds around us as we make the final tightening. The motor fires instantly. With a suitable chant to the spirits we left Ramon to his new freedom. He's probably still there.

On the move again, with the road offering only the occasional sand-trap, we make for Rabbit Flat. Off to the right we see the flames of a campfire, the light flickering over a collection of road-making machinery.

Blowing the air horns, we wave, but we're not stopping, we need this forward motion. By now the track has widened out, and the surface is smooth. Perfect for night driving in the desert.

The kilometres start to add up again as a light in the distance marks our next stop. It will take two hours to reach it, and on the way we are treated to a sight that few have witnessed.

Around 11.30, picking our way through a sand trap, a moving object becomes held in the spotlights. It looks like a cross between a very large bandicoot, a kangaroo and a small white elephant.

Being on the edge does funny things to the mind, but we both witnessed it as it moved across our bow. I was later to learn that this was a walpiri, totem of the local walpajirri tribes, an animal noted for its rareness, even to black folks. Ramon sure had some powerful magic.

Rabbit Flat. Non-stop excitement for the brain-dead, and the running-low-on-fuel. We cruise in just after midnight, hoping for a refuel, but no go. Next day the proprietor tells us he went to bed minutes before we arrived. Thanks. He also refers to the super-highway. Sure, the last stretch into town wasn't too bad, 4th gear in some places, but we sniffed the edges of a conspiracy. "Sure... great... fine," we said. "Hey man, see you round." We didn't see any flat rabbits, either.

Of course half an hour later the motor died again. We had the carby off, cleaned, and running in 40 minutes. Now we were kind of hoping for it to happen again to see how quick we could fix it.

The super-highway of course was a rocky stony bump and grind all the way to Yuendumu, our journey interrupted only by a herd of cantankerous steers, one of which took some offence to us and indicated its displeasure by chasing us for a long way.

Those poor bloody animals must hate it out here, I mused, or this is their idea of a good time — we indicated our displeasure by cursing the animal in French. That confused it, maybe not too many French people pass this way. They're too busy dropping yachts into New Zealand harbours.

Finally, around midnight, the bitumen appeared. We stopped and gave thanks with the traditional urination ceremony, and while finally pleased to be back on a smooth run again, looked back over the past 3 days and four nights as something to be remembered, but not forgotten.

P.S. 60 hours later we pulled down off the highway into Brisbane. We wanted to turn around and do it again, but with bigger and better stimulants. And possibly less water and sand.

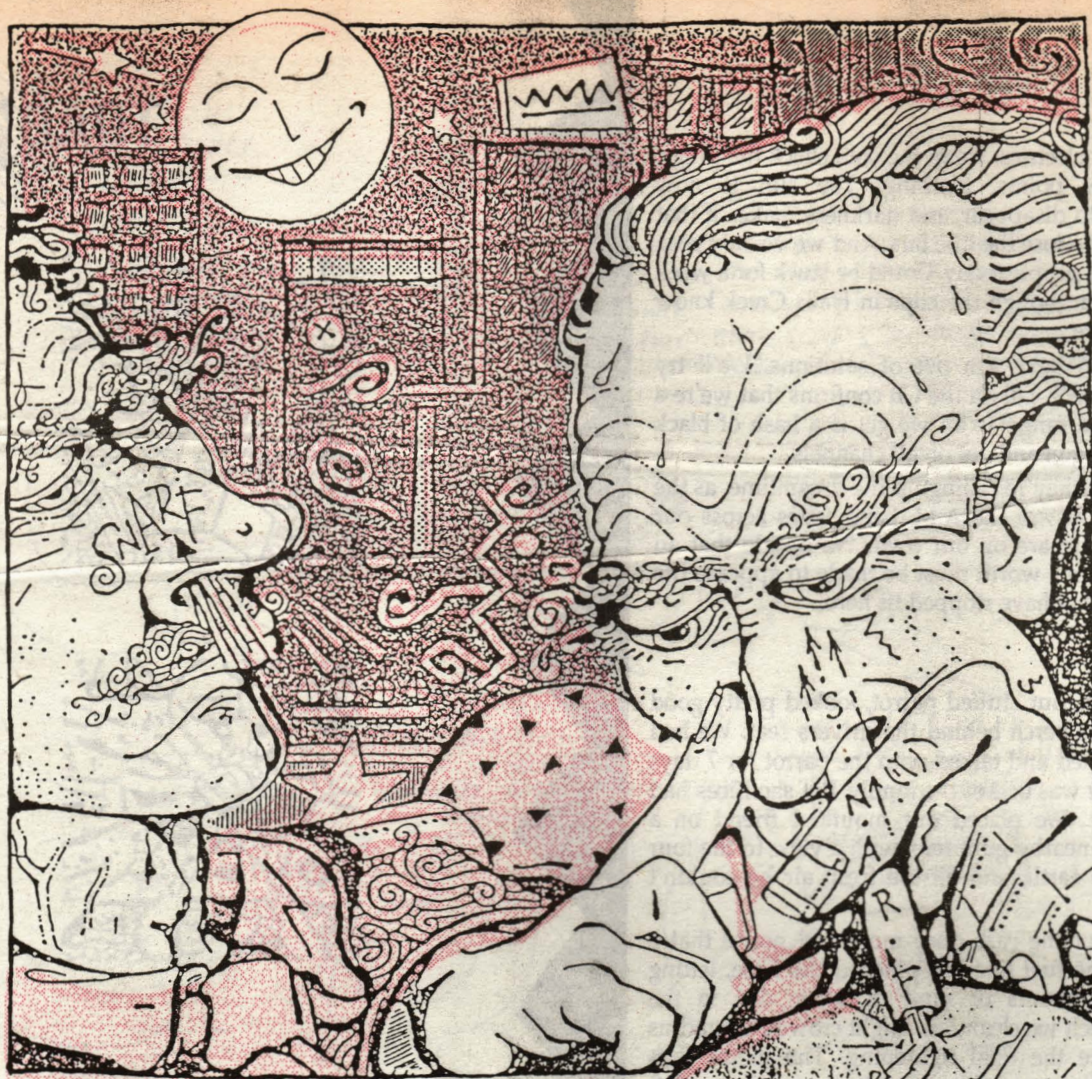


Being miles from  
nowhere gives a  
certain urgency to  
tricky things like  
pulling carbs  
apart.

There's so many  
little thingies  
inside them that  
you don't really  
want to drop in  
the dirt to become  
lost forever.







It was late in the afternoon and Assistant Commissioner Maloney was unhappy. He sat in his office thinking about the Bikie Bandits and problems tumbled in on top of other problems to form an impenetrable wall before his eyes. He needed to talk and he needed to relax and when he came down to it, the only human being in the whole world whom he could trust was the Minister. He went up to the Minister's office on the fifteenth floor and just caught him as he was about to go home. Maloney put the strong arm on him.

"Here we are, mate," Maloney said expansively, waving his arms around, "we've made it to the top jobs, we're in the prime of life, we're rolling in money and power but we don't have fun anymore." The Minister's eyes lit up. He knew that when the cop was talking fun, he meant the get down and go crazy kind of fun.

"You're right, mate," the Minister agreed, "but it goes with the responsibilities of office. We're role models, we're respectable, we're pillars of fucking society," but the caution in his voice couldn't disguise the twinkling in his eye. He knew that he had to try harder. "What's more everyone knows us, for crying out loud. I'm waiting on the word from the palace."

"No bullshit," Maloney said enthusiastically, "the gong is in the mail, is it? Well if that isn't a reason to celebrate then I don't know what is." Maloney pulled out a twist of aluminium foil and a razor blade. "Coke," he said as he began to chop up the white powder on the Minister's mulga wood paper weight. The Minister eased back into his chair ready to be convinced.

"There is this new place over on Kangaroo Point where anything goes," Maloney said casually as he carefully arranged the powder into four equal lines. "I'm talking the lot — nuns, schoolgirls, whips, chains, boys that look like girls," Maloney paused to roll a fifty dollar note into a straw, he knew that he was about to deliver the winning card and that he could take his time, "girls that look like boys." He smiled and snorted up a line before he handed the note to the Minister.

The Minister shook his head, "This is just the sort of thing we should have grown out of," he said before professionally vacuuming up two lines. He handed the note back to Maloney. "What about the missus?" he tried.

Maloney knew it was the Minister's last line of defense. "I'll handle her," Maloney volunteered. "We're working on an important case," he stated as a fact and then snorted up his final line. "I'll give her a tingle."

"No you won't," the Minister said. "Then she'll know that something is going on. I'll talk to her myself." He reached for the phone and started to dial. "Jesus wept, this stuff makes you randy. I've already got a stiffy the size of the Eyeful Tower... Is that you, dear?"

Maloney paced the room as his friend ensured that the home fires were still burning. They took his personal elevator down to the basement and climbed into the beat-up old Mercedes that was kept on hand for just this sort of under-cover work. Maloney got behind the wheel and revved up the motor. They slipped out onto North Quay, wove their way through the last traces of the peak hour traffic as they shot across the Captain Cook Bridge.

The sun had just set and there were oranges, pinks and purples in the sky. The Minister wound down his window and sniffed the sweet odour of muddy decay that rose from the river. It was so strong it even overpowered the noxious fumes of the cars.

"There must be something right with the world when you can still smell the Brisbane River," Maloney observed.

The Minister didn't bother answering — in the way that only close friends can. He looked down past the cliffs of Kangaroo Point up to the Story Bridge and then turned to look back over Brisbane city. The lights of the tall buildings looked weird. They took on a strange, eerie intensity that was somehow stronger and somehow weaker than the darkening but still bright sky behind them. "Fuck me," he said.

"What's wrong?" Maloney said, expecting last minute cold feet.

"The moon," his boss said and Maloney turned to see the huge orange orb rising behind the phosphorescent skyscrapers.

Maloney whistled. "A bad moon on the rise," he said and turned back to the road just in time to avoid a collision and catch the Vulture Street exit before it slipped past.

They passed the Russian church and turned left on to Main Street just before the cricket ground. "It's somewhere around the Pineapple Hotel," he said. "It's called the Pleasure Dome House of Fantasy."

"I hope they have off-street parking," the Minister said.

"There is always off-street parking if you know how to look for it," Maloney explained. It was part of his philosophy of life. "If you're that worried I can arrange for a bird to come and give you a blow job in the car." The Minister declined with a rumbling guttural sound that warned not to press your luck.

"Here it is," he said pointing out the large old Queenslander bearing the simple legend 'Massage Parlour'. He pulled the car off the street and ran it into the reassuring dark under the house. "You just sit here," Maloney said anticipating further problems and complaints that were sure to arise, "and I'll get us a private room."

The Pleasure Dome was almost deserted. Maloney knew from past experience that things wouldn't start to warm up until after the pubs shut at ten.

The manageress greeted him like a long lost brother, smothering his face with chaste kisses that might almost have been a sign of affection.

This was Marianne — a big, leggy thirty year old with a lust for life and a dress-for-success business suit. She had a wild, independent streak and a very business-like arrangement with the Italians who technically held the franchise for all the brothels in Brisbane. They were happy with their ten percent on top of the twenty that went to the cops.

Maloney knew they didn't have the imagination to run something like this anyway.

Marianne was used to police visits. She resented having to supply favours as well as making her weekly payments, but she looked on the boys in blue as a necessary evil that kept the Italians polite and the real heavies at bay.

She actually liked Maloney, or something in him. Sure he took a little cream from the cake but she was realistic enough to see that he was the main man without whom this fine enterprise would not exist. Strong men appealed to her, they had what she wanted.



And Maloney liked her, she reminded him of someone else but he always stopped that particular thought right there.

Maloney quickly gave the place the once over just in case there was a stray journalist lurking about. There was only one client, Maloney checked his card, a dentist from Manly who favoured mild masochism from a nurse. The gentle plop of the paddle and his contented groans confirmed that he was getting what he wanted.

There was a video playing in the corner. A curly headed young man covered in Nazi insignia was laughing maniacally over the almost naked bodies of three girls laying face down in the dirt. Maloney shook his head. "What's that?" he asked.

"Satan's Sadists," Marianne said. "Where have you been? It's a classic from sixty-nine." An earthy grin covered her face.

"We'll need somewhere private and two girls. Have you got one that can scrub up as a boy?" Maloney asked.

"Sure," she replied. "How do you want them?"

"Schoolroom," Maloney said. "I'll have you as a nun and the other bloke will have the boy. I think we can afford to push it a bit," he said disappearing down the stairs. The madam went into action.

When Maloney came back with the Minister in tow Marianne hustled them into a backroom that already had a blackboard and a couple of desks.

"Let's take a powder before we get into it," Maloney insisted.

"Sounds good to me," Marianne said stripping off her suit and slipping into the nun's habit that hung conveniently behind the door. "Are you ready, Robbie?" she shouted down the corridor. "It's time for your morning milk."

Maloney was chopping up the powder on the old school desk when Robbie appeared. She was young and flat-chested, wearing shorts, a tattered blue school shirt and a yellow and black tie. She walked into the room shoving her short blond hair under a cub cap. The Minister stood there with his mouth open. Maloney smiled and snorted his line. The boss was going to be very malleable after this experience. He handed the rolled-up note to Marianne. She bent over for her line and by the time she stood up she was in character.

"Now class," she began, "who hasn't had their milk?"

"Me, sister, me," Robbie said falling straight into character too and taking the rolled note. Maloney admired their style. They were professionals.

"And what about you, sonny Jim?" the nun said to the Minister. "Have you had your milk?"

"Ah, no," he replied.

"No, who?" she insisted.

"Um, no, sister," he said.

"That's better. Well, hop to it lad, we haven't got all day." Maloney was ready to laugh. No one had treated the Minister like this in over forty years. "Alright - up straight in your desks now. Robbie, you get in there next to the new boy. Give him a hand if he needs it. Today's first lesson is Christian Doctrine."

Robbie quickly had the Minister's fly undone and was attempting to play with him but the lack of space and the size of his erection made it very difficult.

"The Devil is everywhere," the nun was saying. "He makes work for idle hands. It is very important for young people to avoid occasions of sin. Young Maloney, can you name me an occasion of sin?"

"Looking up your dress, sister," Maloney answered. The Minister was groaning.

"Very good," she said, "and what do you do on occasions of sin, Maloney?"

"Avert my eyes, sister."

"That's correct. We might practice it now." The nun hitched up her habit as far as her suspenders. Maloney and the Minister were groaning in unison. No one was averting their eyes. The nun pulled her habit up further. "Only bad boys would be watching this," she said as she revealed her pubic hair and then she let her habit drop. "Robbie, what's going on there? Are you fiddling with that new boy?"

"Yes, sister."

"And he's letting you."

"Yes, sister."

"Well, we can't have that, can we? Out to the blackboard, lad," she said wagging her finger at the Minister.

He extricated himself from the desk and shuffled forward. The nun pulled out a strap. Maloney was impressed again. It looked authentic. "Down with your trousers, lad, and bend over that desk." The Minister complied which meant that while his trousers were around his ankles, his face was next to Robbie's. "Be a brave boy," the nun admonished as she pulled down his underpants.

It took a moment to untangle them from his penis. She took the time to stroke it several times while Robbie rained kisses on his face. "You have been engaging in impure thoughts, lad," the nun said as though she had just discovered it. "You're for it now!" She leaned back and brought the strap down onto the Minister's buttocks with some force.

"Fuck," the Minister said.

"You'll get another one for that bad language, lad," she said as she brought the strap down again. The Minister didn't have the opportunity to say anything this time because Robbie was sticking her tongue down his throat. The view of the nun in action began to stir Maloney. She brought the strap down a few more times. By this time Robbie had a firm grip on the Minister's penis under the desk and she was stroking it enthusiastically.

Maloney could take it no more. He leapt to his feet and threw himself at the nun. "Argh," she cried, "Get back, Maloney." But he was clawing at her habit with one hand and clutching at his pants with the other, trying to pull them down.

"Get under there, lad!" the nun demanded, forcing the policeman's head down and dropping the habit over it. She was starting to enjoy herself now, rubbing herself against his head. "Suck me," she said. "Suck me hard." Maloney thought it was churlish to refuse.

By this time, Robbie had come around the desk and slipped between it and the Minister with her back to him. She pulled down her shorts and leant across the desk offering the Minister a couple of alternatives. He took the most natural one and was happily engaged until Robbie pleaded: "Fuck me like a boy." The Minister obliged. He was as happy as a pig in mud.

Meanwhile Maloney had escaped from the confines of the nun's habit but in the moment they fell apart Marianne leapt up and ran from the room. Maloney gave chase yelling "I've been healed by the sacred juices, now I want the body of Christ." The nun led him a merry chase through the reception area, startling the girl on duty and a homely accountant quietly waiting for his opportunity to dress up as a woman. Maloney thought he had her cornered in the mock photography studio but she slipped behind a screen. Maloney was close on her heels, through a door that led into the hospital room where the dentist from Manly was firmly bound down while the nurse was shoving a dildo up his arse.

"Wha's goin' on?" the dentist slurred, trying to look around but the parade was past before he could see a thing. The nurse gave a cheery wave.

Marianne was through another door and Maloney followed her into the sexual atrocities room. By the time he got there she was already waving the whip around her head. "On your knees, slime," she demanded and when Maloney was a little slow to follow her orders she let him have the whip around the shoulders. The force took him with enough surprise to knock him over.

"Next time it's around your face," she said. "Put your hand cuffs on." Maloney smiled to show her that he could take the pace and put on the cuffs. When she heard the them click shut she dropped the whip and loosed a chain that went through a pulley attached to the ceiling. She clipped the chain onto the cuffs and hauled Maloney to his feet. She walked around him slowly.

"So you thought we should push it a little," she said. "Let's see how far you can go." Before Maloney could come up with a witty reply she reached inside his coat and took out his gun. She pointed it at his face. "Like the look of that, big man?"

"Ah, no," Maloney said, careful now. It was a sight he had rarely seen and it had a sobering effect.

"Let's see which is bigger," she said undoing his belt. His trousers dropped to his ankles and she pulled his underpants down to his knees. He was as stiff as a board. "Nice try but it looks like your gun wins. What would our old friend Dr Freud say about that?"

Maloney was speechless. This was all moving just a little too fast for his humble tastes.

She duelled with his dick for a moment. "He'd probably say have another line," Marianne said.

"There's none left," Maloney said.

"No, that is what he would say, you dumb fuck," she explained walking around the policeman. Maloney bristled. The bitch would pay for cheap shots like that. "You cops sure go to seed," she said poking his buttocks with the gun. She put it between his legs and and poked his balls. "Is the safety off?" she asked.

"I fucking hope not," Maloney said, not enjoying himself. She poked the gun between his buttocks.

"That's okay, maybe we'll just rip a little flesh," she said probing around, finding his anus.

"Alright, that's far enough," Maloney said.

"I'll decide what's far enough," she snapped pushing the gun a little further in.

"You win," said Maloney. "Come on, fair go."

She smiled. That is what she wanted. Perhaps she could get some more. "I'll give you a fair go," she said, gripping his shoulder as though she was looking for leverage to get the gun in further, "if you lick my arse."

"Sweet Jesus, have a heart, love."

"Will you lick my arse?" the gun went in further. Maloney winced. This sort of thing could do serious damage to a bloke's retirement prospects.

"Okay, okay, I'll lick your arse."

"That's what I like to hear," she said taking the gun out. "For that you deserve a reward." She walked around him and knelt down. "The body of Christ," she said, taking his dick into her mouth.

"Amen," said Maloney. She put the gun between his legs and tickled around his prostate. In moments, he started to come in long shuddering bursts that seemed to go on for ever.

*"The gong is in the mail,  
is it? Well if that isn't a  
reason to celebrate then I  
don't know what is."  
Maloney pulled out a  
twist of aluminium foil  
and a razor blade.*

Everyone got what they wanted that night at the Pleasure Dome... or at least what they said they wanted. The Minister had a girl like a boy, Maloney got to push it, Marianne took what she wanted from a powerful man and Robbie got enough for another hit of smack.

All good fun, one way or another, and no permanent damage done if you discount Maloney's dignity. He knew he had lost a bit of edge but he was going to look a real fuck-wit if he tried to make something out of it.

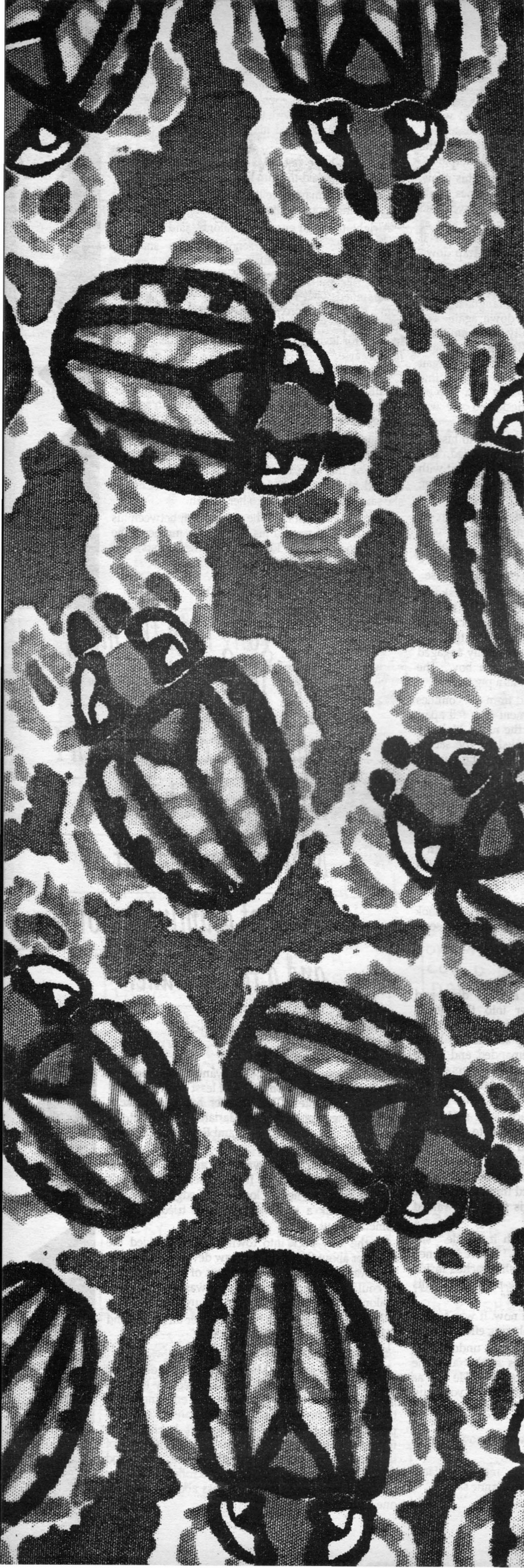
On the way back into town Maloney tackled the Minister about the trouble he saw developing, but the boss was so far gone with the joys of sensuality that he couldn't quite appreciate that it was *their* problem. Maloney failed to communicate the urgency.

"Come up with a plan," the Minister advised, "and I'll be behind it one hundred percent."

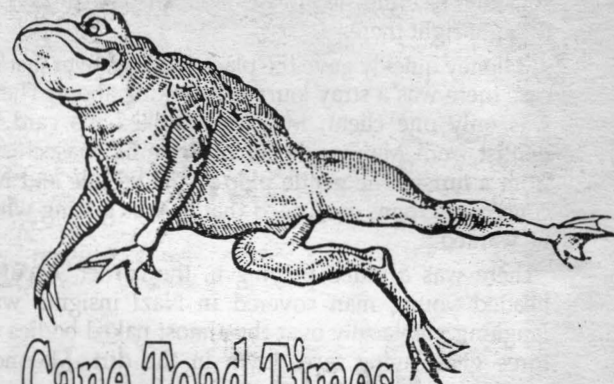
The prick was practically no use at all.

Maloney dropped the Minister back at the office. He headed back down the South-East Freeway towards Moorooka with a strange feeling of emptiness and the clear impression that the Bikie Bandits were his problem alone. As the incandescent lights of the freeway pulsed by, Maloney had an inkling of something he had never suspected before — that God was in his heaven and the universe rolled on and no one actually gave a twopenny toss about the fate of one bent cop.





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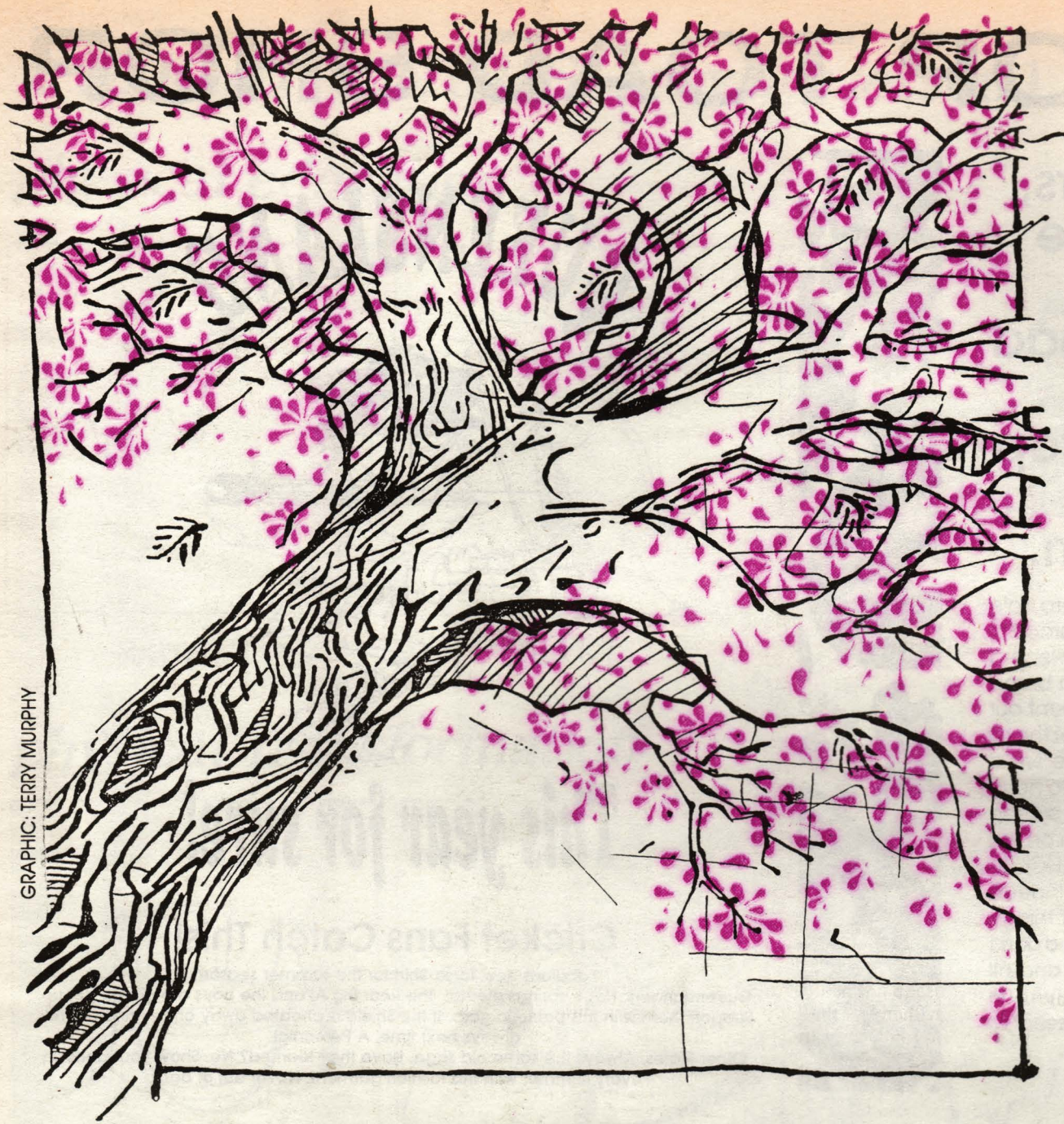
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# THE TREE

Barbara Jones

Sunday lunch. Roz and her boyfriend — whose name I can't bloody remember, not even now — had invited a bunch of us up for a home-cooked Sunday lunch in New Farm.

It was a new place, I mean they'd just moved in and I hadn't seen it yet so I said yes I'd come.

I nearly drove straight past — the number was hanging off — then I saw Roz's car down in front, half hidden by the weeds. The house was a dump of course. But that tree! A Jacaranda — a huge one — spread over two sides of the house and half the verandah.

It was something that tree; a giant dome of colour over a cute little house trying hard to be a Queenslander. It did have stilts and carved pelmets and the corrugated roof and a bit of uninspired leadlight — all the trappings — but it didn't quite fit the mould. Just as well, with that tree it would have been too damn perfect to put up with.

The verandah was about as wide as a road and nearly as noisy. I followed the sound of people laughing round the corner to where they'd set up the dining room table, a lovely big chunky one, out on the verandah so we could all see between the boughs onto a vista of rooftops and a tiny corner of the river.

The tree — the magnificent thing it was — was closest here. It grew diagonally toward the house — part of it came over the railing and threw a lilac hue over everything — the rest reached up over the roof and let in enough filtered light to make it warm without being hot. Every branch was heavy with flowers, some came right in almost over the table.

The whole set-up was terrific. They'd really gone to a hell of a lot of trouble. Their best dinner service, their only complete one that is; a white table cloth, though it was polka dot by the end of the day; and piles of food and wine. It was like a goddamn painting.

I said hello to everyone — I was last to arrive — and took my cask through the house to Roz in the kitchen. Everywhere was clean and vacuumed with fresh flowers stuck all over the place. I love it when people take the trouble to do stuff like that.

Roz was standing over the stove with a tea towel tucked in her shirt.

"Red wine. That's good, we're having beef," she said before she'd even said hello. She shoved my cask in the fridge.

"So how's the new place going?" I asked. "It looks pretty good so far."

"Oh great — really good — what about that tree, hey?"

"Oh God yeah! I can't get over it, it's so..." I didn't bother going into raptures then, her attention had shifted back to the stove.

"Do you want any help with lunch?" I asked, despite the fact that I know zip about cooking. The pots were all simmering now. This was always the best time to ask if they need help, rather than when they're spitting things at the ceiling. Roz pulled out the tea towel and looked in the oven.

"Oh no, everything's pretty under control here," she folded up the towel smiling at me. "Wanna look around? I'll give you a guided tour, well, um, this is the kitchen!"

I'll tell you about the house, it's worth a mention because of the impression it made on me.

The kitchen itself was a little grubby but wide. Really, the grubbiness was due more to condensation and old lino than to any mess. When I saw it, the kitchen table and the bench were covered in salads and casks and bread baskets, with crystal glasses laid out on Roz's favourite Pope's Tour of Australia tea-towel, which gave the room a festive feeling. That and the smell — cooking food and perfume — a special occasion, party smell.

I took a spoonful of tabouli and stuck it in my mouth before we left, to show how much I approved.

From there we went to the main bedroom. Not much of a room to begin with, a box with a brown carpet, a window with a view of the neighbour's ute — but they'd done a good job with what they had.

The living room was spacious and high, but they'd managed to place what furniture they had in such a way that it looked comfortable.

"Pretty alright, hey?" Roz said looking around at me, obviously happy. "We haven't got much yet but we're still looking. My brother Dave gave us that table on permanent loan and I've got some prints coming so it'll fill it up."

I was still munching so all I could say was Mmmmmmm Mmmmmmm but I was honestly impressed.

I think... I know I was seduced by the party atmosphere, so when I saw the empty bedroom with a branch of the Jacaranda outside and a walk-in wardrobe for Christ's sake, and Roz said we're looking for a third person to share, I nearly spat out the tabouli.

I didn't say Me Me Me straight out but I was tempted, to say the least. There was nothing wrong with where I was living at the time, but this place was so cute and I liked Roz and her boyfriend and I'll scream if I don't remember his name — and there was that tree.

I was definitely seduced by that tree.

We crossed the hall to check out the bathroom when a gust of wind blew in from the back door near the kitchen through the house and slammed the door to the verandah with a crash. The crowd outside thought this was hysterical for some reason.

I hadn't seen this door on the way in, it was only when we came back out into the hall and I turned that I saw it properly.

It was a tall door — made out of light, textured wood, polished within an inch of its life. Set in the upper half was a glass picture — not just lead-light, but proper, classical stained glass — a glowing, swirling purple and green picture of a Jacaranda tree.

The light was hitting it full on from behind so it shone out with rays — actual rays — of colour. It — Was — Gorgeous. I Can Not Emphasize That Enough. It was more than gorgeous... It was Sublime It was Beauty It was God.

"Oh did you see that? It's nice, hey?"

I could only nod. Roz walked up and ran her hand down the surface of the door.

"This is Jacaranda wood."

She straightened up and tapped the glass with her finger.

"Apparently there was one like it in the front door that had a Poinciana in it — just like this only in red, in Poinciana wood. I would have liked to have seen it, but it's gone now for some reason, I think someone pinched it."

She turned suddenly, sniffing the air.



"I think I'd better check the beef."

She turned and started walking back down the hall toward the kitchen. The pattern from the door fell for a moment on the back of her head, and as she moved it travelled all the way down the curve of her back down to the floor.

What an effect! And she'd been completely oblivious to it. I had to do it too, but I walked backwards and step by step I watched it slip, shimmering and rippling over my clothes down to the floor again.

OK, I thought, my bed can go next to the window and my desk can go there and my lamp can go in the living room and... so on. Oh yes, this will make a very nice home. Still a little dive-ish but after a while even the rising damp had a charm of its own.

Back in the kitchen Roz was swearing and banging on the taps so I took another mouthful of salad and carried my drink back out toward the verandah.

This was the best part — coming down a darkened hall with that glass picture glowing like a television screen at the other end, then opening the door and being blinded by a blaze of purple.

I reckon that's how they meant it to be, whoever made it and put it there, that you should walk up just as I had and see the glass tree then come out and see the real tree just how it was.

It wasn't hard getting as stupid as everyone else by then, since I was in a good mood and the food was great and I was getting closer to making up my mind about the spare room.

I felt so easy that day — not my usual state at parties. Of course, there were only about six of us — no seven, including me, a pretty good crowd — at the time they seemed like the best friends I'd ever had. Everything they said was funny, every anecdote was wildly fascinating and every philosophy they expounded was broad-minded and profound.

Actually we talked a lot of crap, but it sounded good at the time.

You have to understand — that Jacaranda was the catalyst to all this; it being there had turned the party into a romantic summer affair. And there was I, thinking that if I moved in I could enjoy this all the time in a permanent state of euphoria.

It was ages before we got around to eating, no that's not true, we picked at the salads and the nuts until Roz brought out the roast — God that was almost half-past three. The wind had shifted by then, it started to rock the trees branches slightly and threw a spray of flowers, like confetti, over the table and right into my lunch.

"Just what I needed," I said, picking them out of the gravy.

Roz began to sweep the rest of the flowers off the table.

"Sorry about that — at least we don't have to worry about that too much longer."

Roz's boyfriend looked up at the tree in mild disappointment.

"Yeah, still it's a shame it's going to have to go."

I sat bolt upright. Nobody else reacted.

"What?"

"The Jacaranda — the council's going to come and chop it down."

"Why? What for?"

"It's a nuisance, especially this time of year, when it's gone none of the verandah will get any shade. I suppose we could stick up the louvres, they left some wooden louvres downstairs."

"No, why has it got to go?"

"Because it's bugging up the pipes. The — roots — are — getting — into — the — water — pipes," he said this slowly like I was an idiot, I think because they'd been through the whole subject before I'd arrived.

Even now no-one seemed that distressed, they still managed to eat and laugh while I was stricken. What the hell was this?

"Can't they just cut away some of the roots?" I asked, clutching at straws. Roz's boyfriend scooped up the last of his meal and leaned back chewing, answering my question at his leisure.

"Not without killing the tree munch, munch. Anyway it's twisted right up to the base, if they cut just the roots around the pipes they'd have to cut out a hunk of the trunk as well. So the next big nor-easter we got the tree'd fall on the house. So the whole thing'll have to be pulled right out."

"Can't they replace the pipes?" Marie asked this, but only out of half-hearted curiosity.

"They're going to have to anyway. It's the main pipe... the cracked one is connected, sort of, up to it."

At this point he noticed my gape.

"Do you want to come down and have a look?"

The others took this as an invitation to all of us. So we all, I mean all of us except Roz (she seemed bored by the whole subject) who stayed behind to stack the plates, while we followed whats-his-face round the verandah and down the stairs.

The basement of this place was like a lot of others — basically an open concrete slab, walled only by the stilts and the pickets in between.

They had a laundry, a tiny little room in the corner, and I remember seeing the aforesaid wooden louvres stacked up behind the hot water system. Timber slats threw striped shadows over everything. We looked like a herd of zebras with wine glasses following no-name to where part of the cement had ruptured. It had come up in a low mound with a split in the middle, like the top of a cake; inside we could see the roots well and truly knotted around the pipes — a real tangle. Roz's boyfriend pulled back some loose cement to give us a better look.

"They're already cracked now, but soon they'll break up completely — if we don't watch it, it'll flood the place. Look — see it's damp all around the edge."

Upstairs we heard Roz bang on the taps again to rinse the plates; every crack in the pipe showed up as the water seeped, then poured out and ran over my feet.

That was enough. It was really bugged. That beautiful tree would have to go for the sake of a bunch of pipes. I came out and stood surveying the tree in disappointment. I could see the rest of the yard from there — the only other tree was a little mango, standing right up the back like a fat spotted lollipop. After this the place would be as good as barren.

I was completely pissed off, but as I wandered with the others back upstairs — in a huge sulk — I remembered the glass door. There was still that door! Roz had chocked it back so I couldn't see it from where I was, but I knew it was there. We might not have the tree, but we had the door. I could live with just the door.

Roz had brought out the coffee pot, so I sat back with a cup and reflected for a bit. I could still live here, after all if the tree had stayed it wouldn't be in bloom all year, and if I moved out again I could offer the owner something for the door and take it with me. I'd pay quite a lot and I'd want it put somewhere similar to where it was right now — leading out to a view.

I stretched out in my chair, warmed up and smiling. Everyone had come back by then, talking cheerfully and waiting for desert. Things were beginning to look rosy again.

"Of course that means the door will have to go too."

I looked up slowly at Roz's boyfriend with narrowed eyes and spoke through gritted teeth.

"What?" I was going to kill this man.

"Well, the only reason the landlord left the door there is because the tree was here. See he couldn't bear to take it away because the picture went so well with the tree just outside. But now the tree is going to be chopped down so he rang up and said he'll take the door and stick it in his own house."

He reached over the table to pour himself some coffee and saw my face drop.

"Don't worry," he smiled. "He'll give us another door!"

Well, that was one beautiful afternoon, shot to hell. Actually that place was a dump — and cold too. And I wasn't going to mow those weeds and it was too far from everything. And I don't think I could live with that man without physically assaulting him. Not once that day had he got up to help Roz with the lunch, not once — even when she went to the kitchen to get the dessert — a tray full of bowls with some yellow stuff in them.

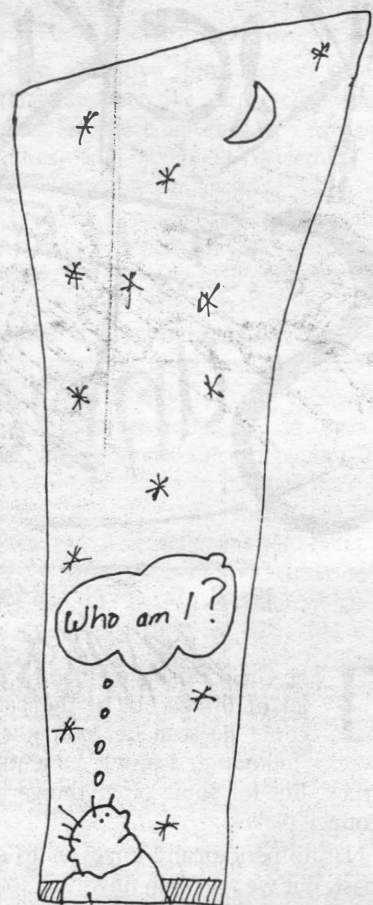
He pointed at the yellow dessert as Roz served it out.

"I made this!" he crowed. This is mango ice-cream! I made it from the mangoes I picked from the tree down the back."

Everyone applauded.

"Mangoes make me puke, Mark," I said.

That's right his name was Mark.



GRAPHIC: BRIAN PETERSON





The Great Brisbane Flood of 1974 dragged up a lot of things out of the past. Some of them could be seen on footpaths in the days and weeks following, waiting patiently for the council truck. But for some other things there was never a council pickup.

Nature periodically forces us to shed things of the past. But we are often unwilling to let them go. Some things seem whole and invite you to save them. You rush forward thinking "What a find!" only to discover that the chair is missing an essential leg, the bicycle frame cracked beyond repair, and behind the shiny chrome of the electrical appliance, a blackened, burnt-out motor.

On an otherwise insignificant day ten years after the flood, I decided to rid my house of its huge collection of useless objects. After gritting my teeth and swearing to be brave, I soon had the footpath totally covered. I stood back with satisfaction to survey my work.

There among the broken chairs, the banana lounge, the rusted, twisted bicycle frame and the obsolete telephone books, I saw a familiar object. Resisting the impulse to bend over and see if it might be saved, I stood and smiled at it, glad to see it on the way to oblivion. It was a Sunbeam deep-fryer, and it had seen better days. It had also seen worse days, and I can remember being there on the worst day, its very first day. Then, too, it was waiting patiently amid another pile of things. But not to be taken to the dump. Rather, to be taken into the yuletide bosom of the nuclear family.

That deep-fryer had had a long journey from the 1950s to the mid-80s. It had served long and well, all through the Menzies years of full employment and bountiful harvests, when kitchen tables overflowed with deep-fried morsels to tempt young and growing appetites. Even a decade after it was manufactured, while the Yanks were roasting live Vietnamese flesh with napalm, the old Sunbeam deep-fryer was still in active service, keeping the beneficiaries of the post-war boom well fed and content on this side of the bamboo curtain.

Over a period almost equivalent to the lifetime of an ill-fated conscript, this wonder of the electrical age deep-fried millions of chips, hundreds of chicken legs, and countless other gastronomical delights. It impregnated them all with the innocent fat which we, in turn, invited to become part of our flesh, and which has now turned killer, swimming uncontrolled through our arteries, lost in the jungles of a war which started without our consent. A war in which it becomes increasingly harder to tell our friends from our enemies.

Sometime during the late 60s, the Sunbeam deep-fryer fell out of use and was relegated to the back of the broom closet. The family gradually divided and went separate ways. Each parting brought a distribution of goods. And so it was that I ended up with the deep-fryer. It had become just a piece of the past and was saved from the rubbish bin several times by the vague notion that it was still in working order and might one day come in handy.

Then came the Great Brisbane Flood of 1974 with its awesome power to destroy. And its even more awesome power to bring back to life some things which had been missing, presumed dead, in the backwaters of the memory. Three stranded households had taken refuge in my house, and for a week which saw unprecedented food shortages, it was necessary to cook large quantities of whatever was available — generally, canned tuna and onions

with rice. There was a sudden need for large saucepans to boil water, and other large receptacles to prepare meals for these wet and hungry waifs. Frantically looking for more saucepans, I discovered the Sunbeam. Of course! It didn't have to be used just for deep-frying, it could be used to boil water! Eureka!

So, the electrical appliance that had been one of the strongest symbols of a distant childhood, was forced out of retirement in the flood of '74 to help feed three households. After an honourable discharge from Free Enterprise's war on want, an even more honourable recall to humanitarian service.

You will note that I said three households, not three families, were my charges during the flood. For the Sunbeam's active life witnessed great changes in the society it was manufactured to serve. Gone were the days of happy families with mother, father and kiddies, a Holden on hire purchase, and a fawning loyalty to General Motors and the machinery of state — the providers of suburban bliss. Houses that had once sheltered such simple folk were now inhabited by loose collections of scruffy individuals who wore the offcuts of military uniforms while rejecting the military mind, who lived dangerously in groups of mixed gender, experimenting with mind-expanding substances, who dreamed of the overthrow of the machinery of state, and swore their loyalties to the less tangible gods of Reason, Liberty and Existentialism.

Some peculiar statements have been made so far. Perhaps we should examine some of them, and ask questions.

*The first day of the Sunbeam's life was also its worst.*

Still in its box under the Christmas tree, with coloured paper wrapped around it, and a little card saying "to Mum from Dad and the kids", the Sunbeam waits patiently, beside the bicycle. The scene is one of peace and goodwill.

But not for long. Some of the torment from the dark soul of the family lingers on, and is not easily put off by the appearance of tinsel and bells. It erupts suddenly, violently.

The memory of that day is not only of the events, but also of the destruction of preconceptions. It was considered impossible to have arguments or nasty incidents on Christmas day. This of all days was the holy of holies. All must be joy and rapture. This was the nature of the universe. Some things were sacrosanct.

And swearing. To think there could have been loud swearing as well. On Christmas day. Unheard of.

But the worst of all, there was the kick. Yes, he kicked the Sunbeam. Even before it got out of the box and the coloured paper. Even before she had a chance to open it up and admire it and express gratitude. Before we could tell her how much work it would save her in the kitchen. And we certainly would have told her that, while what we really meant was how much new and exciting food it promised for our selfish and greedy little mouths. We didn't know the intake of cholesterol we were preparing ourselves for. Oh, how human beings will their own destruction! The argument, having erupted, was fuelled by obstinacy and a complete absence of belief in the joy and rapture that some of those foolish mortals present believed in.

The argument starts with words. Then, inevitably, comes the kick. The act of violence by which innocence is lost forever.

*The Kick. How I felt it in my own heart.*

When the kick happened it was an all-powerful factor which moved everything else in the Christmas day equation into a different relationship. The KICK became the focus, the climax, the judgement, the verdict, the sentence, the gaoler, the execution, the years in purgatory, the banishment. A vision of happiness was that day condemned.

Thereafter it would no longer be possible to believe in certain things.

*Why did the head of the household kick the Sunbeam?*

I cannot really answer this question. For an effective answer, I would have to go back and ask why he got angry at all. Why he drank and gambled, why he hated his wife, why he felt his life was useless from time to time, and why I found him one day on his bed, uncharacteristically crying. Crying because his eldest son had got brilliant results in his first university exams. "I'm not good enough for him," he whimpered. "Don't be silly," she consoled. She must have been puzzled, with this softening of his usual bitterness and anger. Or perhaps it was I that was puzzled — just over ten years old, wandering into their room looking for something innocent, like a shoe. I knew I was in the presence of naked emotion, I could sense the power it had to turn one's life upside down.

I convinced myself that they weren't really aware of my presence and continued my innocent search around the corners of the room. Half of me was embarrassed to find them in such emotional nakedness. The other half of me was boundlessly inquisitive, wanting to know more about this stranger. Not just his outward actions. More about the things that were inside him. For my interpretation of him was always one that came through her. Through her anguish, her disappointment, her fear, her despair.

Would he ever reveal his true self to me without the aid of the maudlin sentimentality he used when he was drunk? Would I ever be able to look at him through my own eyes, not hers?

We long to observe naked emotion, to participate in it. But when we are confronted with it, we are thrown into confusion. It turns us into beings without feelings, soldiers in a jungle war, fearing an unknown and unseen enemy. We plot on, deprived of weapons, looking neither to right nor left, ever onwards, past unanswered questions and frightening possibilities, into a deeper, more fragile, more pathetic innocence.

*The boy wanted answers but couldn't ask a question.*

The young boy knew that he needed information, but couldn't find the words to frame a request. Besides, fathers don't recognise the emotional perplexity of children.

Even if the boy had found the right questions, his father could not have told him why he had lived the kind of life he had lived — why he had done all those things: being a travelling book-keeper out west, riding on camel back from station to station in a legendary past full of adventure that city kids could never hope to experience; why he accompanied a Chinese doctor throughout North Queensland, helping to immunise the population against a ringworm epidemic during the great flood of nineteen something or other; why he drove trucks, taxis, gambled, drank beer, made his wife and youngest son wait for his headlights to turn the corner at the end of the street (they waited constantly and often, her anxiety transferring to him, causing pains in the stomach and scars in the mind); why he came home falling over, standing up and falling over, snored loudly, repented the next day, then did it all over again.

*Did it spoil the fun that Christmas?*

Yes. Christmas was never fun again.

*Did the family put up a brave front for the visit of the relatives that afternoon?*

Yes. They had to show that they still believed in Christmas.

*Did any of the relatives know there had been an unholy fight that morning in the manger?*

No.

*Was honour defended and the family's secret shame concealed?*

Yes.

*Was the Sunbeam Deep-fryer used thereafter in the family kitchen?*

Yes. As described above, through the otherwise happy and prosperous 50s, and on into the innocent early 60s.



*Where is the Sunbeam Deep-fryer now?*

Again, I cannot answer that question, but I might attempt some speculation. The last I saw of the appliance was, as I have said, its lonely vigil on the edge of the footpath, waiting for collection in the manner of the post-diluvian refuse, but in actual fact ten years later on. It probably followed its predictable course to the council dump, became part of the earth under what is now a new housing estate. It could well be directly under some modern kit home where a young child is at this very moment watching its mother unwrap a present under a brightly decorated Christmas tree. The gift may even be an electrical appliance, shining with all the glitter of modern technology and promising to make her life a dream.

*Was her life a dream?*

No. It was a life of fragile health and hard work. A life of suppressing her own ambitions in order to promote the ambitions of her children. She was alone in this task most of the time. With a lack of formal education, she exploited her natural abilities and her acquired talents with enthusiasm in the service of her aims. At least, this is how she saw herself.

And this was the image of herself which she put forward when occupying the high moral ground in the family wars. From this height she could take command of her loyal troops, blinding them to her own weaknesses, her arrogance, her pride, her self-delusion. Eagerly, they enlisted in her service. Against him. Battles were fought, retreats were sounded, fresh engagements took place. And she was there, the military strategist, always planning, always plotting. And then occasionally, from out of nowhere, an armistice emerged.

The unwrapping of gifts in December was one of a very few occasions every year when she could preside over the smiling facade of a cohesive family. No division, no enmity. Just mindless enjoyment of the relative material prosperity of the Cold War era.

It was always an uneasy coalition of desires. Most years, one could feel the blanket of glee being falsely drawn over the hotbed of hatred and anger a few days before Christmas. On returning from Midnight Mass, the pretence was complete. The joy of Christmas was locked in, programmed to run continuously until the New Year's day hangover would signal his departure from the temporary truce.

*Was her life a success?*

I cannot answer this question, either. Perhaps a life cut short before its time can never be called a success. Perhaps those who make the judgement are always too close to the subject for their judgement to have any value. Perhaps in attempting to judge the success or failure of someone else, we pass a more telling judgement on ourselves.

*Did you make any parting gesture that day on the footpath?*

Yes. The sight of the broken down appliance occasioned the foregoing reflections, but also stirred some strong feelings, feelings which surprised me. Here was a useless object, no longer capable of receiving electric current, no longer capable of performing the function it was made for. But it suddenly aroused a great and fundamental anger deep within me.

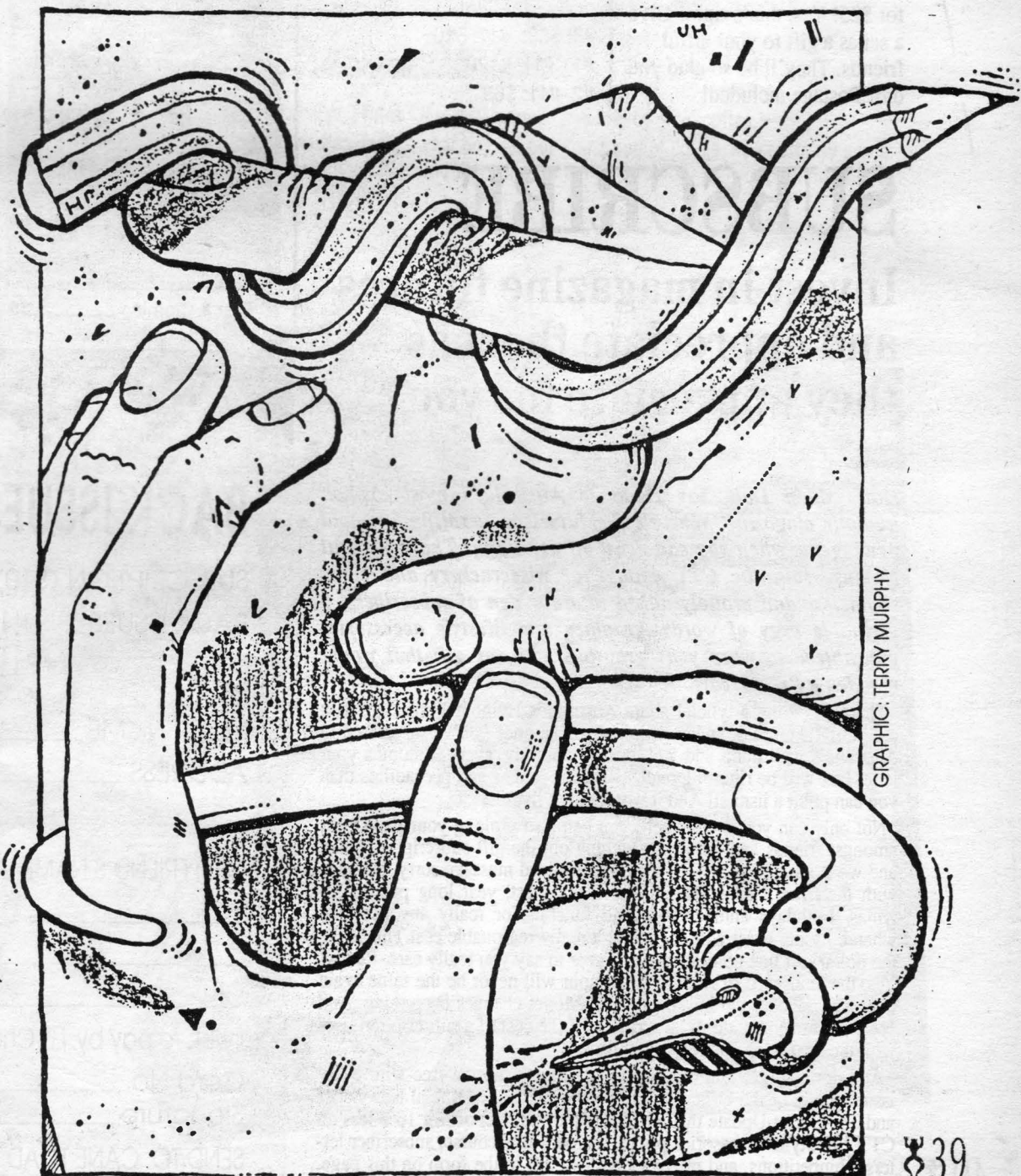
I walked over to the pile of rubbish, pushed the broken banana lounge out of the way with my right foot, and then, on a completely unexpected impulse, savagely kicked the Sunbeam. Even more savagely than that kick, so many years before. For that kick, I now realise, was just a random gesture of contempt that fitted into a much wider and ongoing fabric of hatred. The Sunbeam, in its pretty, coloured, wrapping paper was the most inviting symbol at that moment for the expression of fury.

But my kick, here in the mid-80s, was full of other things: revenge for a perplexed and uneasy childhood, anger at the purveyors of cholesterol-force-feeding technology, a shout of defiance at the injustice of the universe. Token gestures, admittedly. But as kick followed kick and I astonished myself at the amount of revenge and anger that was lingering deep in the mud of my unreconstructed being, the floodgates opened and tears began to stream down my face.

"You bastard! You bastard!" I intoned, in helpless and uncontrollable imitation of that Head of the Household of a previous age. I kicked and kicked the poor, defenceless electrical appliance, until my feet hurt and the once shiny chrome bore several large dents.

A neighbour peered anxiously over a fence. She looked at me inquisitively.

"Just making sure it was dead," I explained.



GRAPHIC: TERRY MURPHY



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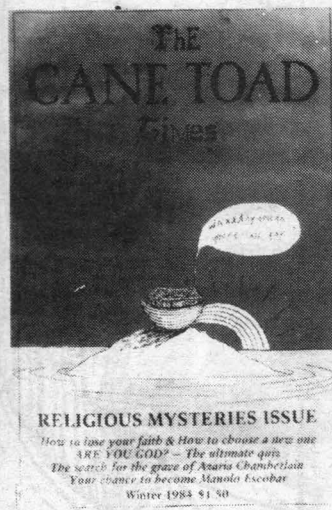
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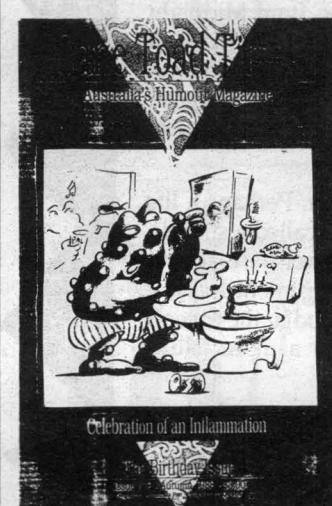
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GRAPHIC: TERRY MURPHY



# Des ne refuse rien

Des worked at the Whites Hill rubbish dump. My brother and I and Ray MacGuinness used to go there on and off through our childhood because there was a derelict hill climb on Whites Hill. We would struggle through the bush with our bikes to ride the corrugated track that still ran from the top down to the gates of Des' domain. It was Des' job to keep the dump tidy and this he did most days.

He used to joke. "You could eat your lunch off this dump!"

I didn't. But Ray MacGuinness did. Ray believed anything anybody told him. It was a handy thing to know about him.

"I brought my lunch, Des!"

"What for?"

"So I could eat it in the dump!"

After that, as eating his lunch at the dump was exciting as a trip to Myers for Ray, he made a point of always ensuring Des knew that he had come to eat his lunch at the dump. We went there a lot because Ray wanted to be the rubbish tip man when he grew up. Des was flattered and decided to pass on all he knew. We accompanied him on his scavenging rounds.

"Good bottle that one, you see. See that?"

He waved a bottle under our noses and stuck a finger down its neck to carry it, along with ten others, back to his shed.

"What about this one?" I said, wanting to be helpful.

"That can go to buggery for all I care."

"Why?"

"That bottle's no good, son, you can peg that one if you like. As long as it's out of my sight."

"Why?"

"It's a bloody stubbie, that why! Can't sell 'em, can't do nothing with 'em."

"You can make ashtray's with them. You put them in a fire and they melt."

"Then what?"

"You make an ash-tray!"

"Then what?"

"I dunno..."

From the dust in front of him, he picked up a dirt encrusted ashtray made from a stubbie that had "Souvenir of Norfolk Island" on it.

"People are so stupid. That's why this dump is here, boys, because people are stupid. If they were smart, they wouldn't throw anything away. They don't know what they're getting rid of. Just because they have no use for it anymore is the worst reason to throw something away."

*Is this a throwaway society or what? Sean Mee gets down in the dumps.*



"Can I have that?" I said pointing to the ash-tray.

"Wouldn't you rather see if you can hit that rock with it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, it's yours now. I don't want it. Do what you like with it."

He gave it to me and I didn't hesitate. I smashed it.

"You've got what it takes alright," beamed Des.

"What's that?"

"Taste."

I didn't know what he meant.

Des stood a few feet off from the dumping mark as the drivers stepped out of their cars. They hurried to unload their discards before the smell discoloured their flesh. Des was there as an example of the lingering nastiness.

He stood wildly off-centre with one hand in his back pocket and the other hand employed picking insects out of his nose. He wore a cap, a pair of scarred boots, short socks, a pair of football shorts and a shirt buttoned at the cuffs and with the collar standing up. His jaw stuck out and the dust settled on it. He looked at the world through eyes that were always elsewhere.

He stood as Nero did, surveying the "bastards in their fucking cars", letting them unload until he saw something that took his fancy. Then he'd step in with only one warning grunt. The people would immediately stop to let Des rummage through their unwanted belongings and whisk something away, leaving the dumper with an uneasy feeling that maybe they had just made the biggest mistake of their lives and had thrown out the Van Dyke with the grass clippings.

"What did he take?"

"I don't know. I wasn't looking... your old stereo, I think."

"There! I told you it was alright! But listen to me? No!"

"Look, it was worthless!"

"Well, he didn't seem to think so!"

Sometimes they got so distraught they would ask for it back.

"People are so stupid," said Des.

Des needed the stereo to complete his temple to Elvis Presley. It was 42 feet high and featured over 200 abandoned radios. It stood unfinished next to the sculpture made completely out of television sets of a young ACTU advocate who was making a name for himself in the Arbitration court. He called it 'Charisma'.

"People are so stupid," Des said.

Des laid out the dump in his own image exactly as he wanted it. He created order amidst the debris and gave meaning to the incongruous. He revelled in the juxtaposition of society's icons and the truth of destruction and decay, recognizing the inherent concentration of society that the dump represented.

He liked putting things in lines as well. And stacking things up. And setting fires at dusk. We would travel home that way sometimes and there would be a hundred smouldering television sets glowing underground.

He was the first real artist I ever met in my life.



GRAPHIC: GAYNOR CARDEW

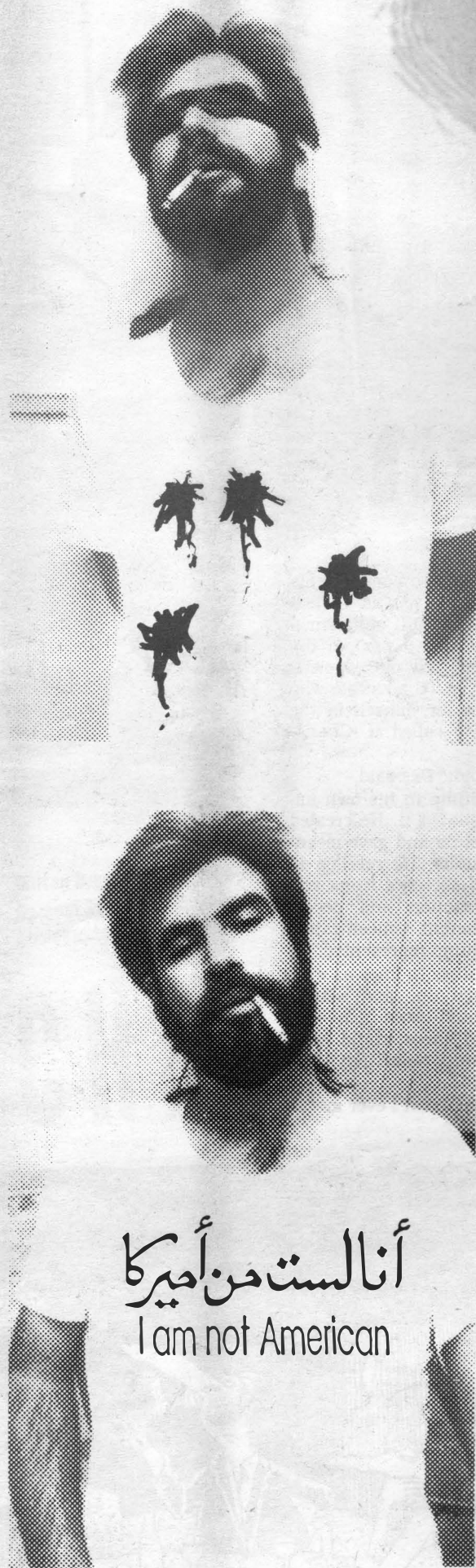
TWO PLATES OF SALT AND ONE OF FAT.



Q: Are you an American?

A: I AM NOT AMERICAN

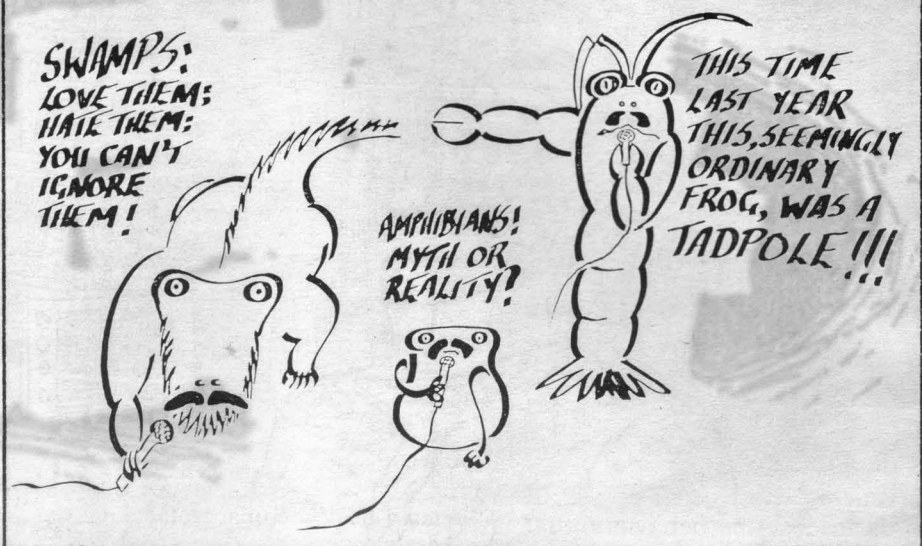
Q: How can you tell?



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## THE PAN-AMPHIBIAN GEORGE NEGUS LOOK-ALIKE PLAYOFF



GRAPHIC: NICK GRUEN

Can philosophical rumination lead to toe-sucking? Stephen Stockwell likes to watch.

## What's the world coming to?

The Frankfurt School were a bunch of commie, jewish troublemakers who had their heyday in the Weimar Republic. Let me put this into perspective: they were the sort of people Hitler was against. They had a lot of crazy theories about why the world is a heap of shit and a few interesting ones about what could be done to change the situation. My personal favourite is their theory of polymorphous perversity.

The Frankfurters noticed that capitalism takes our basic human instincts (like having a bit of fun with sex) and twists them around until they turn into repressive, money-making institutions (like prostitution or families).

They thought a good way to stuff up capitalism and bring down Western society was for everyone to loosen up a little and have more fun in strange and unexpected ways.

Now polymorphous perversity isn't an open invitation to flash at school-children and spread venereal disease to all and sundry. It is an attempt:

- 1 To see that putting it in and out and making squelchy noises isn't the final word in sexual activity and
- 2 To liberate humanity by investing our day-to-day activities with the emotional and libidinous energy that we usually hide away.

The thing that makes me sad about the world is how boring most people's desires are. Given the opportunity to fulfil their deepest fantasies, your average human will opt for curling up with a hot video and a cold drink. Even if it does enter their heads to do something then you don't need more than one hand to count off their preferred activities: dressing up as the opposite sex, tying up someone or being tied up or doing it in a lift.

Boring! Boring! Boring! Do people realise how emotionally cathartic a good session of toe-sucking is? Have you seriously explored the possibilities of the nose as a sexual organ? Can you come

to the sound of your loved one's voice on a telephone answering machine? When was the last time you tickled your arse with a feather? Or anyone else's for that matter?

### George Michael Vs the Toe-suckers

So where did our narrow-minded obsession with orgasm come from, you ask? The Frankfurters think it is just another example of the stultifying capitalist performance principle – it isn't real unless you've got something to show for it, even if it is only half an ounce of semen.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not against people making squelchy noises, it's just that most people haven't had a decent dry hump since they were fifteen and they forget how tantalisingly pleasurable it was.

And why is sex always one on one? Because George Michael says so? Autoeroticism has got a bad name but it is the only way you can be sure of getting what you want. I can hear the cries of "Wanker" now but recent surveys indicate that about 95% of the population is doing it, so you are a damn fool if you are missing out. Let's face it, masturbation is more popular than tax avoidance so how come it isn't an industry?

On the other hand (excuse me) there is group sex. If you really want to smash the state this is the way to go. Unfortunately for most couples a group grope involves getting the babysitter into bed. Just imagine the political and spiritual liberation involved in, say, twenty people coming at the same time?

But why stop there? If we accept that perverse sexual practices are a subversive activity then let's get serious about bringing down capitalism and stopping war too! Why doesn't every consenting adult on the planet have an orgasm at the same time?

How could anyone oppress another human being if we had all shared this wonderful, tender moment together? We've got the technology, we've got the satellite link-ups, we've got Bob Geldof, so what's stopping us? Let's make the earth move for everyone!



Who came first the pervert or the prude? Ian Cook checks out the finish line photos.

# One person's meat is another's poison

If the word "perversion" did not exist, we would have had to invent it. Not because we need words to describe behaviour that is out of the ordinary, but because we need a word that indicates forbidden pleasures — so that we don't spend the rest of our lives trying to find out where the action really is.

We just couldn't get along without a word that identifies stuff that is totally unacceptable to those who don't engage in it and enjoyable for those who do. A word that gives that stuff a certain aura that adds so much to the whole experience.

Could you imagine it, if taking it from behind was as automatic as the missionary position? Would you really bother to pick your nose in near public places (like your car) if you thought that nobody would mind if they caught you doing it?

No? Then you have begun to cotton on to the secret of perversion.

Sure there's a lot of money to be made out of stuff that is illegal because it is considered morally disreputable. But that isn't really what perversion is all about. That's money (and we did that in the last issue).

No, perversion is much harder than that. Much more subtle and sneaky.

When you don't think about it too hard you could be forgiven for believing that perversion was stuff that most people wouldn't have anything to do with. But when you find out that a hell of a lot of people you wouldn't suspect of getting into it **are** getting into it, you have to think a lot harder.

If perversion isn't about things that only the really crazy ones among us do and refers to a bunch of stuff that lots of folk are getting into, why do we call it perversion?

It's not because we don't want to do it. It's because we want to do it but won't really enjoy it fully unless it is given a particular name that makes it seem like it isn't really the done thing.

That's what perversion is really all about. It's an incredibly useful word, is it not? That's why we would have had to invent it if the Romans hadn't done the hard work and handed it to us on a platter (it's from the Latin *perversus* which means to turn away — which probably only covers some of the stuff we generally refer to as perversion, but that's another story).

And if we would have had to invent a word for perversion we would also have had to invent people to constantly remind us of the unacceptable nature of those pleasures.

People who understood that enjoyment of something can be so greatly enhanced by describing it as socially unacceptable that without that label it may be difficult to enjoy at all.

Spare a thought, then, for those hard working namers of perverts and perversion; without them the world would be a sadder and more boring place.

It must be a real killer of a job. This makes it a lot easier to understand why some of those who spend a lot of time telling us not to do things that we need to be told not to do, so that we can enjoy them, get caught doing them.

The strain must be unbearable, especially for those who know that they are just fulfilling a necessary social function. If you know something has to be called perversion so that other people can really get into it and enjoy it you'd have to find it hard not to resist the temptation to get a bit on your own.

Does it really surprise you that people like all those TV-God people and politicians are being uncovered as, allegedly, hypocritical by the right-thinking herd, who really believed in the moral self-righteousness the TV-God people and politicians seemed to have a monopoly over?

People just don't seem to appreciate what the spokespeople of orthodox morality are doing for them.

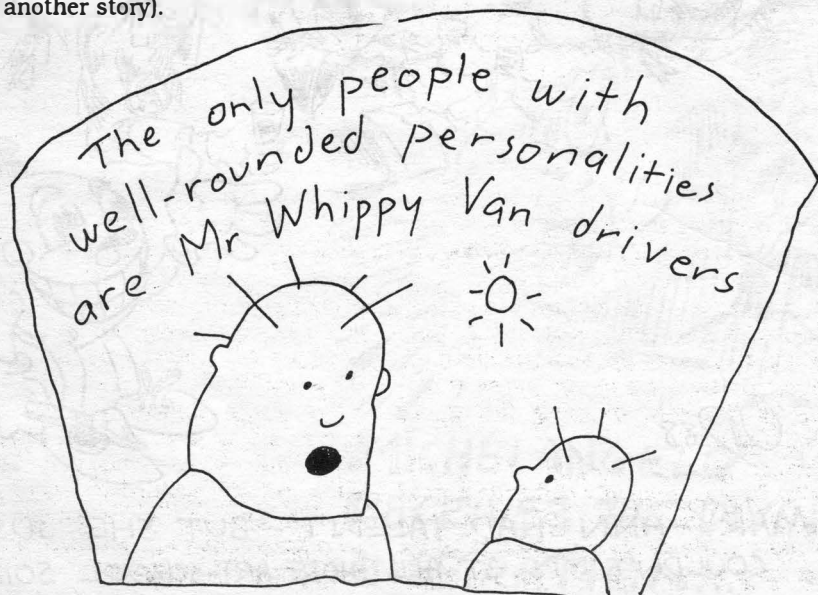
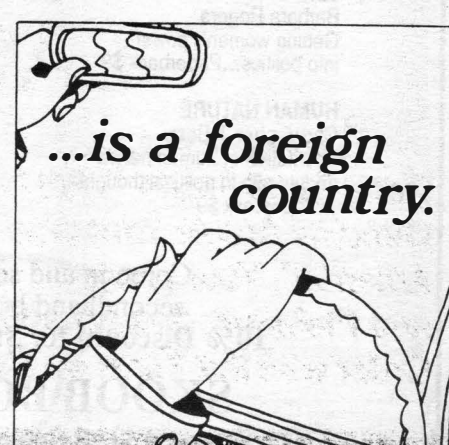
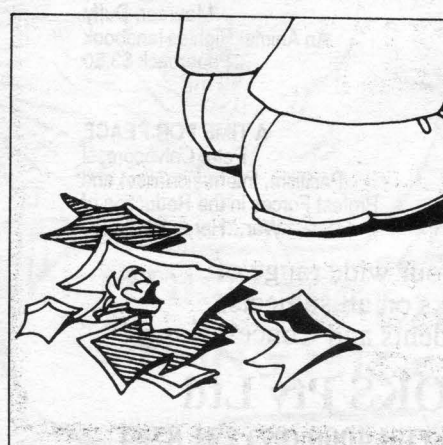
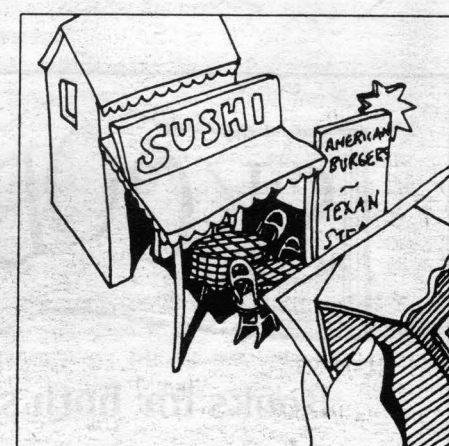
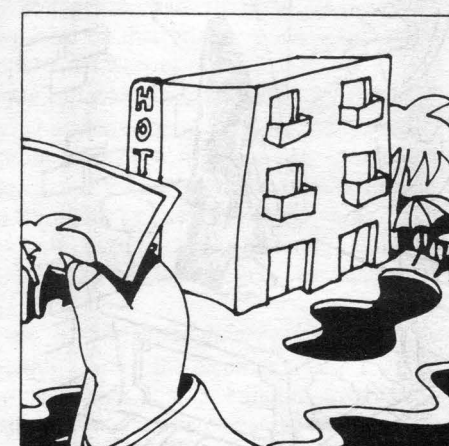
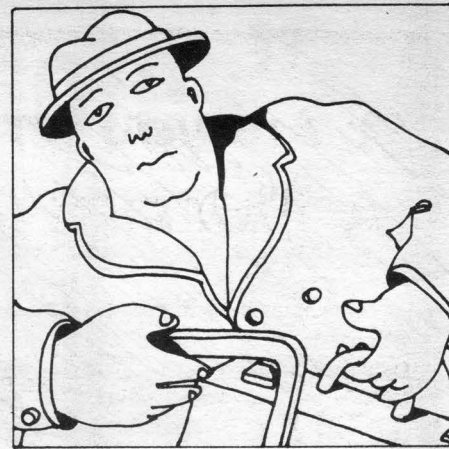
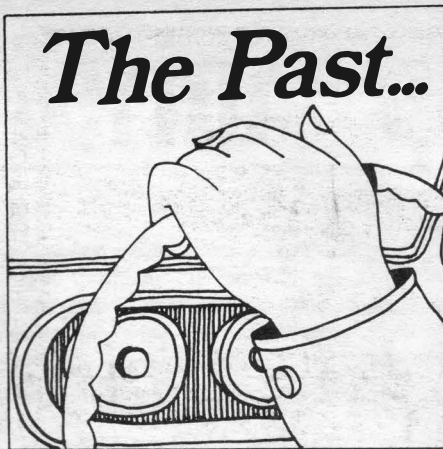
Sure we may be lucky enough to have a few people like Fred Nile to help us really enjoy getting into weird shit. But how many people are going to devote their lives to calling things perverted, so that other people can get it off, and not feel inclined to get in for their chop?

It would have to be incredibly tedious, and besides, why should we have to rely on those really pure people so that we can extract even more fun out of stuff that they are telling us we can't do?

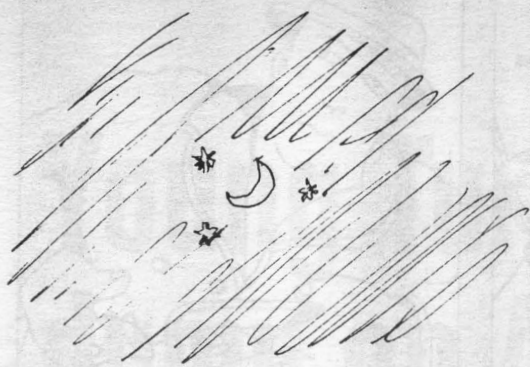
It just doesn't seem fair that they should be placed in that position.

It's sort of like putting politicians into office and expecting them to stay honest forever: it's just too much to expect from anybody.

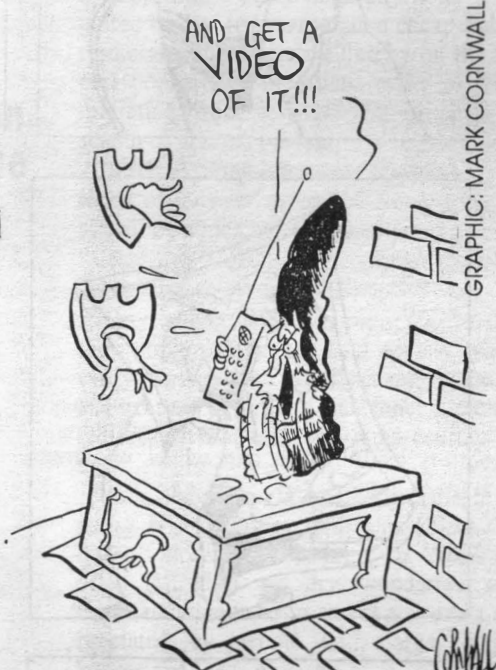
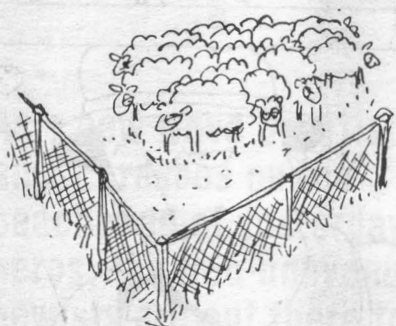
All we can really say is: Keep up the good work Fred, your blood is worth bottling (and drinking?).







GRAPHIC: DEBBI BROWN



GRAPHIC: MARK CORNWALL



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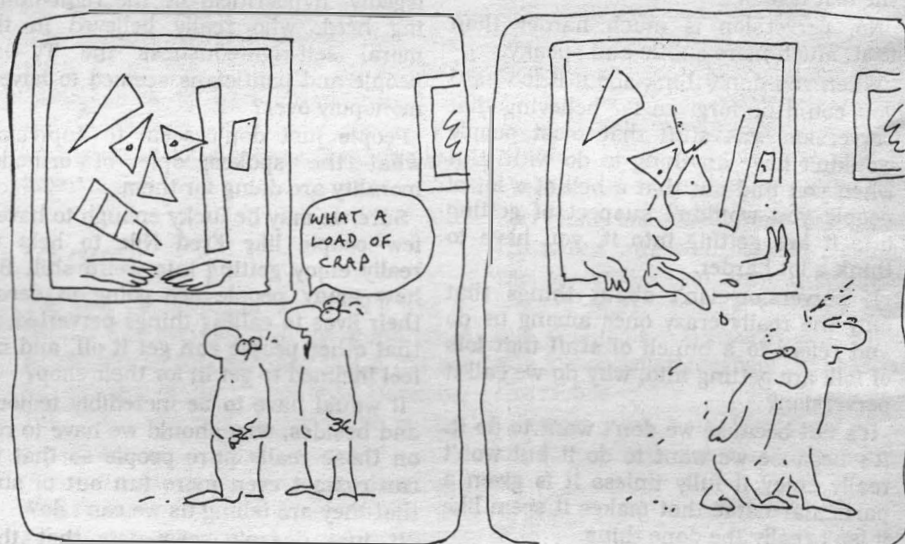
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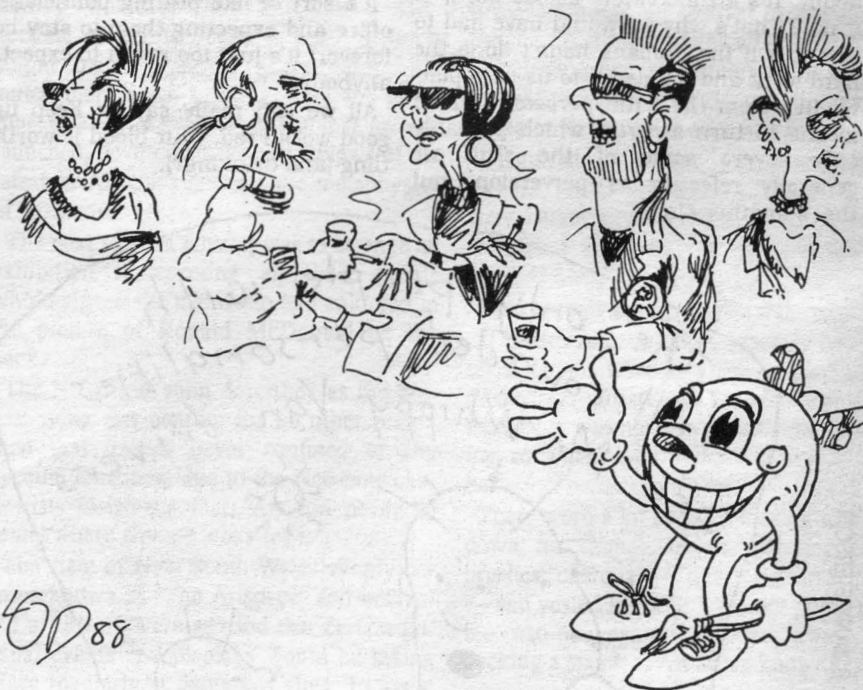
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GRAPHIC: JANE HARTY



GRAPHIC: LIAM O'DAVELL



An interview with leader of the Suburbanist movement and internationally renowned Food Artist, Dr Latch Grinage author of "Classical Margarine Sculpture and the Outer Western Woman", "Post-Impressionist Laundry Technique", "Cubism and Mowing the Nature Strip" and "The Australian Shopping Centre: Our Cultural Epicentre"



# Chewing the fat with a food sculptor

**Peter Probe:** Just how and where did Food Art this begin?

**Latch Grinage:** It all started at my family home in one of Sydney's south western housing estates.

I came from a creative background. But even when I was five I knew that an ordinary crayon or texta couldn't capture what I felt, what I wanted to convey.

It wasn't until my Aunt Esme came to live with us that I was first inspired by an art work in the form of her mashed potato carvings. I knew I was seeing something special, something truly beautiful and I suppose that's where it all began.

**What sort of things did your aunt do with mashed potato?**

The first thing I can remember was her series of early model Holden replicas, each with a classical Greek figure reclining on the bonnet.

They were stunning creations. The vegetable medium definitely lends itself to moulding the classical and auto-classical curves.

**Where did it all go from there?**

At school I studied Art History. It became strikingly obvious that my aunt's talents were at least as creatively valid as anything from the conventional world of art.

I knew I wanted to devote my life to Food Art. I strove to have the art I truly believed in given the exposure, the credit and understanding it deserved.

**What other examples of Early Suburbanism did you encounter in those early days?**

My mother was a very apt margarine sculptor.

My uncle Ray was one of the first Cubist lawn mowers — could he mow!

There was my best friend's brother who did a Pop Art piece in body filler of a Special K box.

There was also a waitress who made amazing abstracts with cappuccino froth.

And I could never forget my Modern Studies teacher who made minimalist landscapes out of sandwich crumbs on her desk. Give me an Ernestine Doody over a Fred Williams any day.

**It must have been very inspiring on a young mind.**

Yes indeed. All around me was this incredibly strong creative force, yet due to the temporary nature of most of the work and the modesty of the artists, it was totally unrecognised.

**How did the Movement gain recognition?** Initially, there was hostility and danger but, heck, we knew that if the French impressionists and the Dada-ists could weather opposition, so could we.

The local pottery group called us the Bowel Movement.

When Aunt Esme showed her mashed pumpkin *Still Life of a Seafood Special* in

the Western Suburbs Lions Club Art Show she was laughed out of the Civic Centre and kicked out of the CWA.

It was a traumatic incident but the publicity brought many Suburbans out of the woodwork.

The Suburban Art Society or SAS, for short, was formed.

Through the generous funding of an abstract spaghetti artist and supermarket owner named Milo, a headquarters was established where we could meet to work and talk.

It wasn't long after that we held our first group exhibition, a pro-nudity Foodist show, called *The Angry Digestive System*.

**Was it only the Foodists who were active at this time?**

That initial exhibition was predominantly Foodist, but as more people joined the SAS different areas of Suburbanism flourished.

For instance, there were the Gar-Gar-ists, like my Uncle Ray, who sought creative fulfilment via the garden medium.

There were a couple of very interesting literary off-shoots like the Post-Mills-and-Boonians who captured the essence of our culture in the neo-tacky Romantic style.

The Lopping Shisters expressed their feelings in cut-ups of shopping lists. They used to read poetry at our exhibitions and at the local shopping centres.

**What was the public reaction?**

There were death threats, public harassment and nasty discrimination against those involved. It was generally felt that we represented the erosion of moral fibre.

The controversy really culminated — or should I say "culinated"? — with Aunt Esme's live nude mashed vegetable body painting performance piece at department stores all over the district.

You can imagine the outrage caused by a naked 65 year old woman splattering herself in mashed potato in time to foyer Muzak!

It was a highly significant action and contributed a lot to an understanding of our art. She sought to break down the barriers between art, sexuality and food.

She was charged with Immoral Vagrancy but a lot of citizens realised there was more to life than sport.

After that we really began to get positive reactions and sincere interest from outside the actual SAS.

The shock value diminished and people began to see the unclouded brilliance and originality of what we were doing.

Shopping centres became creative focal points and soon after the refrigerated commercial gallery opened in an old butcher's shop.

We never looked back.

**How did you develop the dynamic use of cheese?**

I began working in watermelon when I was 15 under the guidance of a Polish melon-carver, Guiseppe Laccrusto.

But I wasn't happy with melons and sought something more definitive in texture.

I tried jelly unsuccessfully and finally 'found myself' through the cheesey medium. I started with some traditional pottery training on the wheel working with Camembert and then moved onto the harder stuff.

My first hard cheese piece was an impressionist representation of the leaning tower of Pisa. With my first figure, I really found 'my thing'.

**What sort of people did you sculpt back then?**

My first was a self portrait and after doing a few relatives, I did my first celebrity — the local police sergeant in Kraft Cheddar.

Because of his credibility, I was allowed to enter the Annual Council and District Affiliated Art Show, despite their anti-Foodist stance. It turned out to be a very popular entry.

**It's ironic, the same council which was so disapproving has recently erected a memorial amenities block in your name.**

Yes, the worm turns, as the Gar-Gar-ists say.

**What are your current projects?**

I have just completed figures of Dick Smith and Joh Bjelke-Petersen and I'm still working on a larger-than-life Alan Bond in Jarlesberg.

**Not forgetting your bicentennial gift to the Royals — The Pregnant Fergie in Australian Tasty which gained you world recognition.**

**Was there any 'sell-out' on your original ideas to get where you are today? Or any surrenders to your old artistic enemies?**

I have no artistic enemies. I bear no grudge against my old critics. We never thought people would be shocked by food, we just liked doing things with it. But the shock has now changed to acceptance. They changed, not our work or ideas.

There is art in all aspects of life in the Suburbs — in the fridge, in your dinner, in the curve of a cordial bottle or in the gentle melting of a margarine blob.

If people want to feel cold spaghetti instead of nude women, why not?

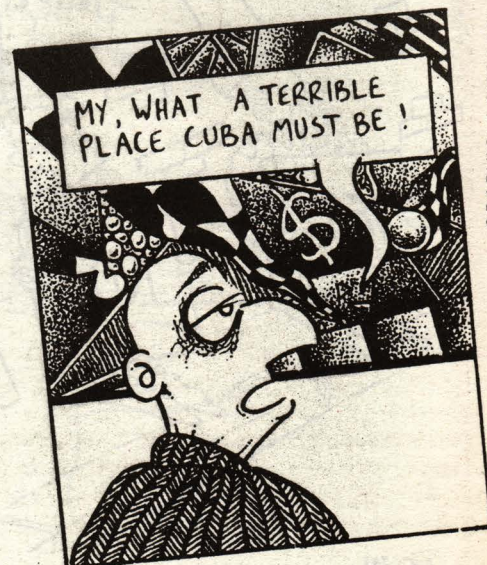
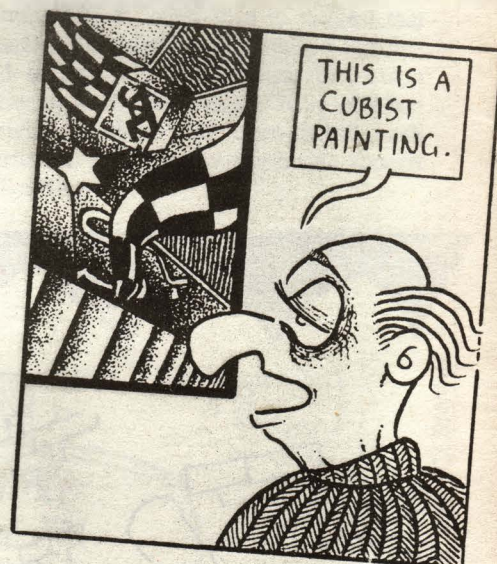
My old melon-carving teacher used to say, art is good for the digestive system. That's a direct reference to sexuality.

**You are a fascinating man, Latch**

You don't have to own a grocery shop or live near a shopping complex to be an artist.



GRAPHIC: TERRY MURPHY



GRAPHIC: J CONLAN







GRAPHIC: SASHA MIDDLETON

## Confessions of an Expo Junkie

I was staring at Expo one wet Saturday night when I saw six dark figures climb over the fence near the Canada pavilion. They were adolescent boys, some with parka hoods covering their heads. I wandered closer, and saw two more boys dart into a doorway at the side of the cultural complex, not far from the fence.

I walked up and asked, "Going over the fence?"

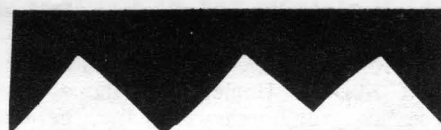
They shifted their feet and looked down, and one said "Nah". Then after a pause, "Are you?"

"Thinking about it," I said, then added, "I just saw six kids climb over."

"Did they make it?" one of the boys asked, much too enthusiastically.

"I couldn't tell, it's too dark. It looked like they made it. What's it like on the other side?"

*What you got out of Expo depended on how you got in. Tom Simpson explains*



"Oh, its great! There's an alley behind the wall, and a fence, and you go down the alley, and there's two cops there."

"What! Two cops!"

"Yeh, we were too fast for them." Then, "But they're not there when its raining (sniggers)".

"Are you going over?" they asked.

"I'll follow you," I said, and watched as they crept into the drizzle, then casually walked on as they saw a man come by. They wandered back and forth along the fence, tried to climb an overhanging tree, then stood about near the middle of the fence, trying to look nonchalant in the glare of headlights from passing cars.

I winced with embarrassment, then watched as one threw his knapsack over the fence, and climbed over into the shrubbery, then three minutes later, the other followed. They had climbed into the garden at the edge of the Sensus playground. It looked like a good spot. I then watched as three older youths walked up to the fence, then walked off quickly when they spotted me. It was a busy night.

I never did follow the kids over. I had my own spot for scaling the fence, a quieter stretch along the railway line where I never had to contend with cops.

A journalist once told me that 10% of Expo's budget was spent on security, and I found this easy to believe whenever I was on the outside, watching kids trying to get in. It disgusted me that rich kids from Kenmore with birthday season passes could stroll in each day through the turnstiles while we had to loiter outside the fence.

### Backing into the Stalag

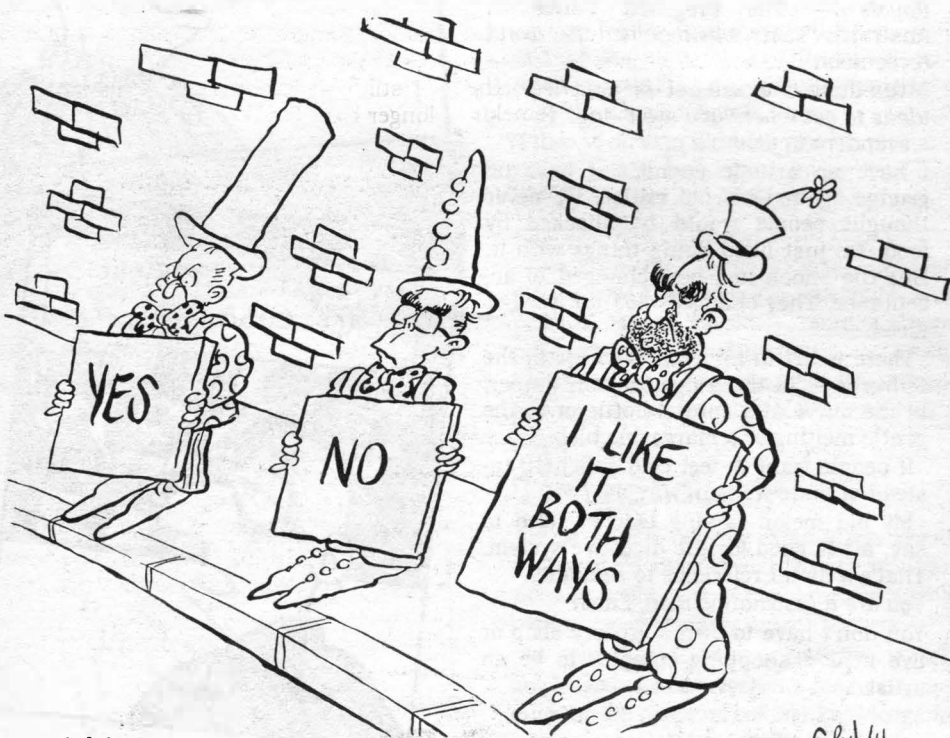
My first break-in was through the exit leading to the South Brisbane railway station. At 10pm each night after the pavilions closed, security thugs opened a gate to let everyone out. A guard was posted on one side of the gate to see that no-one slipped in. I found it easy one night to push through the throng with a woman friend to the far edge of the gate, and to walk in backwards, so to speak. Even had the guard seen us, he could not have reached us across the moving column.

A few people must have snuck in this way, for in a spirit of meanness the Expo Authority soon posted a second guard on the other side of the exit. The next time I tried to get in I was stopped.

A couple of weeks later my friend David and I tackled the railway line fence. We entered the South Brisbane station with old dud tickets, then when the station guards were distracted collecting fares, leapt off the end of the platform and ran up the line.

At first we tried climbing under the fence through various gaps, but then came upon a stretch of fence with big supporting poles. It was extraordinarily easy to scramble over, even over the barbed wire on top (although the first time I tore my jeans, cut my finger, and hurt my foot). On the other side of the fence there was a tall hedge, and we hid behind this, then when the coast looked clear, slid down a bank, leapt off a tall wall, and strolled casually down the lane 'til we came out behind the West Australian pavilion. We slipped into the crowds, found taps to wash our hands, then gaped at the extraordinary spectacle that was Expo.

The next week we wanted to go again, but decided we needed safer access onto the railway line. We found it in Colchester Street, where a sheet of corrugated iron had slipped from the back of a factory car park. After ducking through the gap, we could creep half a kilometre along the line, past the sign "Armed guards and savage dogs patrol this fence" (we never saw any), to our favourite spot for climbing over. It was fun avoid-



CORNWALL



ing the huge spotlight (just like a Stalag escape) and ducking when trains went by. But on the fourth run David was almost hit by a train and we stopped going for a while.

There were other ways of scamming into Expo of course. Lots of friends got in on temporary work passes, which had no photos. Rarely did security ask for ID. I was amazed that the Expo Authority was so careless about this. I obtained a temporary media pass, and was able to tick off all the pavilions. The carved rose inside a hollowed out human hair in the Russian pavilion boggled me the most. But after finally doing New Zealand, getting in before opening time on the media pass, I decided I was gluttoned on Expo and stayed away for two whole months.

In the final weeks I knew I had to go back, as much for the hit of scaling the fence as for what I saw inside. I arranged to meet a friend with a season pass inside, and walked down Colchester Street to the factory wall.

Ducking inside, I almost tripped over two youths crouched against the factory wall. We regarded each other suspiciously, then they said, "What are you doing here?"

"Ah... waiting for a friend," I lied. "What are you up to," I asked.

"Waiting for friends," they said, "for a dickhead friend". We looked at each other for a bit, then I crept on and crossed the line, then had to duck suddenly when a train shot by. They obviously knew the train times, for as soon as this train passed by they raced over, then right beside me, pulled out a section of fence, neatly pre-cut, and crawled in. I followed them down a rough dirt bank into an alley, where they washed their hands then slipped into the crowd. I was impressed, but didn't use this route again, it was too close to a security booth.

### Lying on the top deck

On the last night of Expo I met my friends at the front entrance. They all had tickets, I was toying with the idea of going under the furthest turnstile. I had seen a boy loitering there, until told off firmly by a security thug. David had a re-entry stamp on his wrist. He snuck under first to encourage me. It looked easy. He came back out the exit to goad me in. I took a breath and went for it. David was right behind. I slipped under and strolled past the crowds inside to join my friends. But David was not with me. He was caught by security and thrown out. We had to wait twenty minutes for him to get back in.

We wandered about, savouring the last night, staring at the bizarre interior of the Russian pavilion, eating at the Sri Lanka death restaurant, and wandering about some more. My friends had to leave early but I wanted to stay for the Bryan Ferry concert on the river stage.

The stage "lawn" was choked with people and I made for the huge yacht outside the French pavilion, which afforded a clear view. But the stage was too far away, and I was about to leave, when some people started climbing up onto the yacht. A bleached blonde was having trouble getting up. I went and held her glass of wine.

"Who's yacht is this?" she asked me.  
 "It's mine," I said.  
 "It's not, is it?", she looked it over.  
 "Yup," I said.  
 "It's beautiful."  
 "Sure is."  
 "Have you sailed in it much?"  
 "I've taken it to New Guinea and back."  
 "It looks so new".  
 "I had it refitted when I got back."  
 "Would you take us below deck later on?"  
 "Ah... I'll think about it."  
 "Who do you sail with? Do you sail alone?"  
 "Yeh, but sometimes I pick up a friend here and there, you know," I smiled wickedly at her.  
 "It must be a great lifestyle."  
 "It is," I looked dreamily into her eyes and smiled.  
 "You really don't mind if we sit on your deck to watch the show?"  
 "No, not at all, make yourself at home."

"Are you really sure?"

"Absolutely. Enjoy the show." I beckoned her towards the front of the boat. She insisted on shaking my hand, asked my name, told me hers, and introduced all her friends as they filed past. Annette, Ellen, Greg. We all shook hands. Ellen smiled into my eyes, "This is really kind of you letting us sit on your yacht."

"No, not at all, it's my pleasure. Enjoy the show." The blonde wanted a photo so I made a cocky pose beside the mast. She beckoned me up towards the front near her but I smiled and said I would stay where I was. I wanted to be able to make a quick getaway in case security turned up.

### Grumpy, Sleepy and Whiney

The next day, the very last day of Expo, was hot and sultry, and most of Brisbane seemed to be inside. I had been given part of a three day pass and was there to bear witness.

It was not a great crowd. Too many of the people there had no affinity for Expo, they had come only to use up the last of their three day passes.

It was astonishing to see people queuing hours for pavilions on this last sacred day. Brisbane would be ripe for revolution now. Bread queues, petrol queues, we had all spent six months practising how to queue. The funniest joke was the final afternoon queue outside Qtopia, that most dreadful mistake of a pavilion. What a way to see out Expo.

I rushed about, wanting to be everywhere at once, determined to miss nothing. I took in a stunning final performance by a sassy New York street performer and a Brooklyn rap skater. Pure performance. The performer grabbed a lady's apple, slobbered over it, then handed it back. That kind of thing. The rap skater got fat men from the audience to come forward and jive while the audience laughed. He had pillows under his clothes and danced with the fat men, bumping their bellies and pretending to fall over backwards.

One fat man didn't want to join in, refused absolutely to come forward. But when the rap skater said "C'mon, this is the last day of Expo!", you could see the light cross the fat man's eyes, and after token further resistance, he came forward and submitted to his own humiliation.

I missed the last performance of the Expo Oz dance show, much to my regret. And I got stuck in a grumpy queue trying to cross through the South Pacific village. The attendant holding us back was pleading to us: "I hate this job! I just want to go home and have a shower. I've been here since 6am."

At the amphitheatre I climbed up on a fence to see a performer, and a security lady told me to get down. "C'mon, this is the last day of Expo," I pleaded. I wasn't doing any harm. "Get down," she said. "No," I said, and she stormed off through the throng to get help. I watched her pushing grimly through the tight crowds until she reached another security officer, then I hopped down and slipped away. All the sparkle and imagination of Expo had not touched her.

Then it was over. A loudspeaker voice announced that Expo '88 had finished, and we were directed to make our way to the exits. We all obliged, obedient Brisbane people that we are, filing out the turnstiles for the very last time, until stopped by a loudspeaker announcement that the Expo chairman, Sir Llewellyn Edwards (whatever happened to 'Llew') was about to speak. The voice came bleating out, "Thank you ladies and gentlemen of Queensland," droning on and on, a dull whine that belied the colour and spectacle of everything about us. Whoever was responsible for the artistic vigour of Expo '88, for the vibrant sculptures and rique street performers, it could not have been the dull man behind this lonely sad voice.

And then a volley of planes flew over, and released millions of flakes of coloured paper, which fluttered above the site, only to be directed by a mischievous wind onto the lawns and footpaths of West End and Highgate Hill, in one final insult to the long suffering citizens of those suburbs. Expo '88 was over.

Art as motivation and the  
 Ring cycle explained.  
 Is H. Stayden too far North?

## Art in Charters Towers

Art has been a friend for a couple of years. He'd adopted me as a friend and began to make nocturnal calls - "Let's do something different."

So weeknights became strange scavenger hunts for excitement, usually winding up with both of us cruising the main street of Charters Towers in Art's red Cortina.

Then came the day when Fergus joined our elite group. Fergus had been a local but had magically been transformed into a thinking person (just like Art and me) after a stint at James Cook.

Now my nights were spent doing laps of the main street with Art and Fergus in Fergus' mud-brown Datsun.

I felt there was more to life than this. Maybe if we once stopped the car, or if we cruised another street?

So one night I managed to convince Art and Fergus to head out to Hackett Terrace. Not that there's anything of interest out Hackett Terrace way, but it was a change and they both felt the need for change as much as I did.

Driving along Hackett Terrace we could see spotlights in the next street. Fergus did a left and we were there. St Gabriels!!

Art started whispering, "Shut off the car! Shut off the car!"

And Fergus pulled up beside the basketball courts.

There below us were dozens of St Gabe's girls - roller-skating! Roller-skating in nighties!

Roller-skating in nighties playing basketball!

All three of us began to moan.

Not a sexual-desire-type moan, more of a watching a complete work-of-art-type moan.

True believers finding their belief was justified - for once.

We sat there for what seemed like ages but was more like two minutes. The cops make regular patrols around St Gabriel's for deviants like us and being cowards at heart we moved off.

Back at The Pit, we settled down for a night of culture. I'd supplied the refreshments (Swan Lager and Heinekin with barbecue corn chips) and Art the entertainment.

Tonight was "The First Annual Molly Ringwald Film Festival". We had all her

movies Art could find: *The Tempest*, *Spacehunter*, *Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club* and *Survivors*.

*Spacehunter* started the run because Art knew I creamed myself over Molly's bath scene.

Next was *The Tempest* because as I've said we were Thinking People. Not just cheap thrills and a nice smile for us - we wanted Culture.

We were only halfway into *The Tempest* when Fergus had to dash to the toilet. He'd been mixing his Heinekin with Mescal and wasn't feeling too well.

Art and I started watching *Survivors*. It was terrible!

I turned off the video and went to check on Fergus.

Art took the time to raid my fridge.

"This chicken okay?" he aksed when I came back.

"Yeah, go for it," I said.

Fergus had been kneeling over the bowl vomiting blood when I left him.

Shit! I hid the Mescal behind my chair and opened a Swan.

Art came out of the kitchen chewing a huge chicken sandwich.

"Good," he managed to say through the food.

"Yeah?" I replied, "It was either you or the cat - I don't touch 'em after a week."

Art stopped for a micro-second then continued to eat.

Fergus made a brave entrance.

"Fuck! Now I've got room for more beer."

He had blood and vomit around his mouth and blood stains down the front of his T-shirt and jeans.

"But for fuck's sake; keep those corn chips away from me, they make me sick!"

I got up and turned on the video. We went back to *The Tempest*. Molly in a bathing suit in the Greek Islands. Sigh.

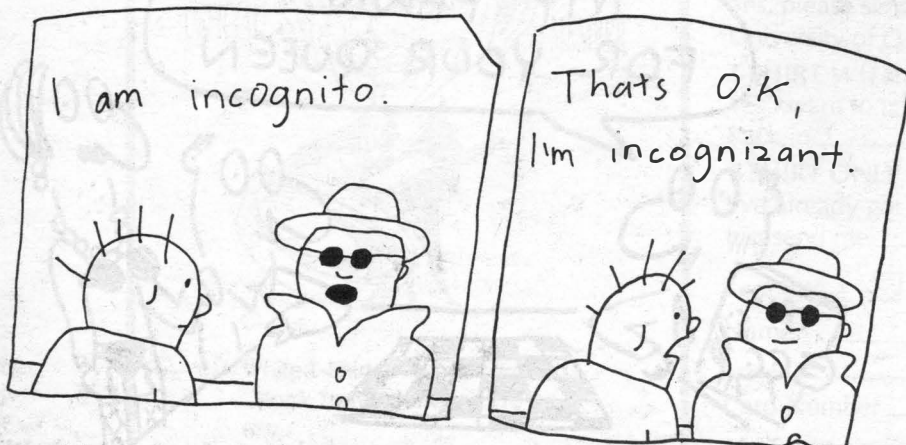
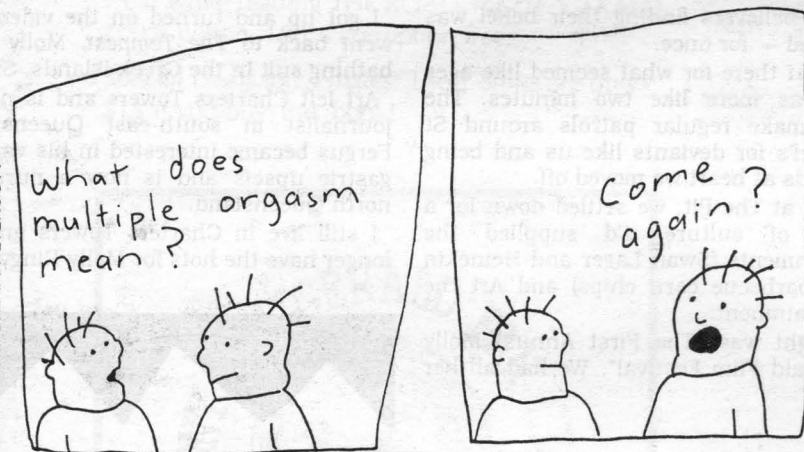
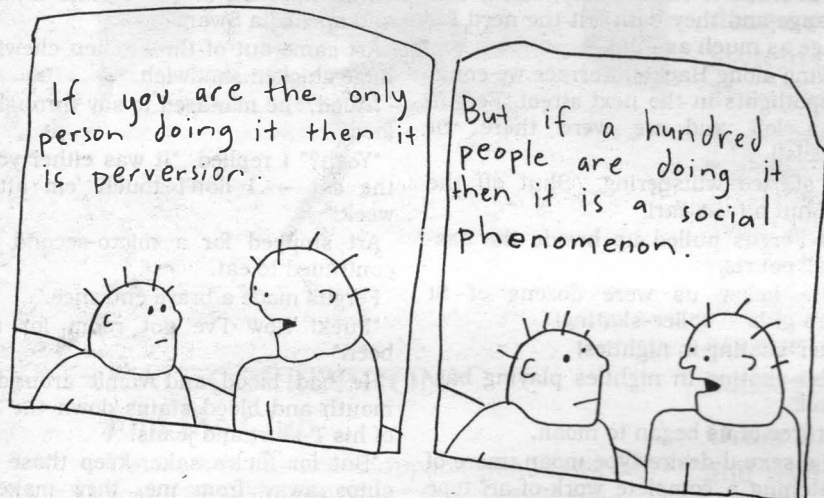
Art left Charters Towers and is now a journalist in south-east Queensland. Fergus became interested in his various gastric upsets and is now a nurse in north Queensland.

I still live in Charters Towers and no longer have the hots for Molly Ringwald.

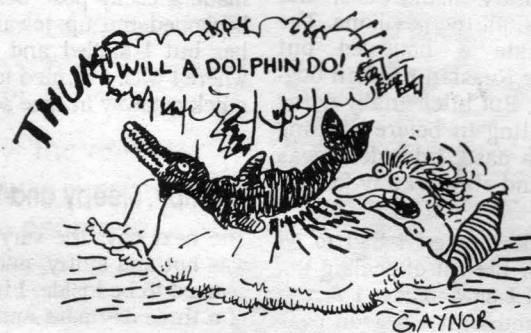




# Prickly problems



remember the nights of the creaking knee joints...the grunts... Oh Lord what I'd give for a small wail



Flipper fooled us all. Brian Petersen reveals the devious deeds of the deceptive dolphin

## No more Mr Nice Fish

Nowadays it seems that every second issue of *Simply Living* has an article about how dolphins are the most fabulously intelligent form of life on the planet.

Any Jacques Cousteau documentary is incomplete without a cameo by a dolphin who inspires in the divers and the narrator a near mystical rave about their great spiritual presence. At times you would swear that Einstein and Ghandi had been reincarnated together in a fish.

Well, now the truth can be told because the *Cane Toad Times* has gained previously unavailable research information that paints an entirely different portrait of this goody-two-shoes of the deep.

Contrary to popular opinion dolphins volunteered for action in Vietnam, exploding mines and hunting enemy frog-people etc because of a promise of unlimited amounts of fish and two months R&R in the fleshpots of seedy Bangkok canals.

This aggression is even more obvious in peace time when dolphins form packs and terrorise other smaller sea creatures such as tuna and lobsters, who have been observed upon the approach of a dolphin to run around frantically in search of a hiding spot and if they are unable to find one strike a frozen pose in the hope that the dolphin won't notice them.

The success of the dolphin's P.R. campaign has been due to their ability to pin an unfair reputation on that most misunderstood of creatures – the shark. The inherent stupidity of the shark has contributed to this. Sharks are so dumb that they have to constantly swim around otherwise they drown.

Many of the savage assaults carried out by dolphins are blamed on sharks because of the dolphins' ability to make quick getaways and the shark's gullibility in keeping meetings previously arranged by the dolphins. Five minutes after the crime the sharks innocently arrive and are photographed in the most compromising positions – with blood and corpses floating about.

This insidious P.R. campaign has probably reached its peak at *Monkey Mia* where dolphins have truly consolidated their reputation as Saints with a sickening display of cute animal behaviour and snout rubbing with a bunch of humans all too ready to be taken in. And if that's not enough, there is the coup de grace of brain-washing par excellence – *Flipper*.

This show along with various *Sea Worlds* around the globe have changed the dolphins' intellectual status from somewhere between a T.V. games show host and a chimp to that of a quantum physicist.

Now whilst no-one can argue that dolphins are not cunning – just check out the way they have gained the classification of protected species – there is no real, hard evidence to suggest that they are any more intelligent than many Shetland ponies.

It is this animal – or should that be mammal – cunning that led dolphins into that sure way to raise funds: heroin smuggling. This pursuit was also aided immeasurably by their connections with organised crime.

Amongst his many other activities, Robert Trimbole was also a keen sailor. A hobby not easily pursued in landlocked Griffith but one that the efficient dolphin couriers made extremely profitable.

Upon Trimbole's flight from Australia other major figures in organised crime attempted to continue the arrangement with the dolphins but the trade floundered because of the low quality of the calamari and lobster mornay the dolphins received for their services.

And so today all along the coastline of Australia the true evil kings of the ocean continue their reign of terror and high pitched squeaking whilst pathetic human apologists rhapsodise about their intelligence and soul. This is an ugly story but it also has to be told and if the NCA refuse to act then perhaps we should invite over some Japanese fisher-folk.

They know how to treat dolphins.

GRAPHIC: GAYNOR CARDEW

GRAPHICS: BRIAN PETERSON



A trans-Tasman television  
nocturnal omission.  
Kate Stewart reports.

## TV in NZ

# I know you'll love it

There is the ghost of a late night movie presenter trapped inside my TV. I saw him in the wee small hours of this morning.

The movie projector inside my head clicked off for a commercial break. I jerked my head up suddenly from the pillow and stared directly at the screen at the end of my long dark room.

For one wonderful moment I saw his ghostly benign image.

Was it you, Bill Collins?

Was it Peter Sinclair? Was it Billy T James? Was it Robert Muldoon? Perhaps it was David Lange!

I couldn't quite make it out.

Up I woke at 2am from a panavision technicolour dream of Aaron Slick of Punkin Crick with fresh young Dinah Shore in a gingham dress and Easter bonnet.

It was so real. For a wonderful moment I was trapped between reality and a dream unable to distinguish between the two.

There he was, the late night movie presenter I had longed for. He was waiting with a warehouse full of wonderful moments.

Waiting for the day when New Zealand television ceased to blackout and turn into a pumpkin at midnight. Waiting to share the joy, the tears, the suspense, the beautiful imagery, the moving musical scores with us all.

Waiting for the chance to reduce the crime rate by keeping burglars at home, safely tucked up in bed watching the tele.

Waiting, vainly, me thinks, for TV 3 or someone to see the need and fill the long, black, abysmal void between the witching hour and morning tea time.

Where were you my late night movie presenter?

You're in Australia that's where.

### Betrayal before breakfast

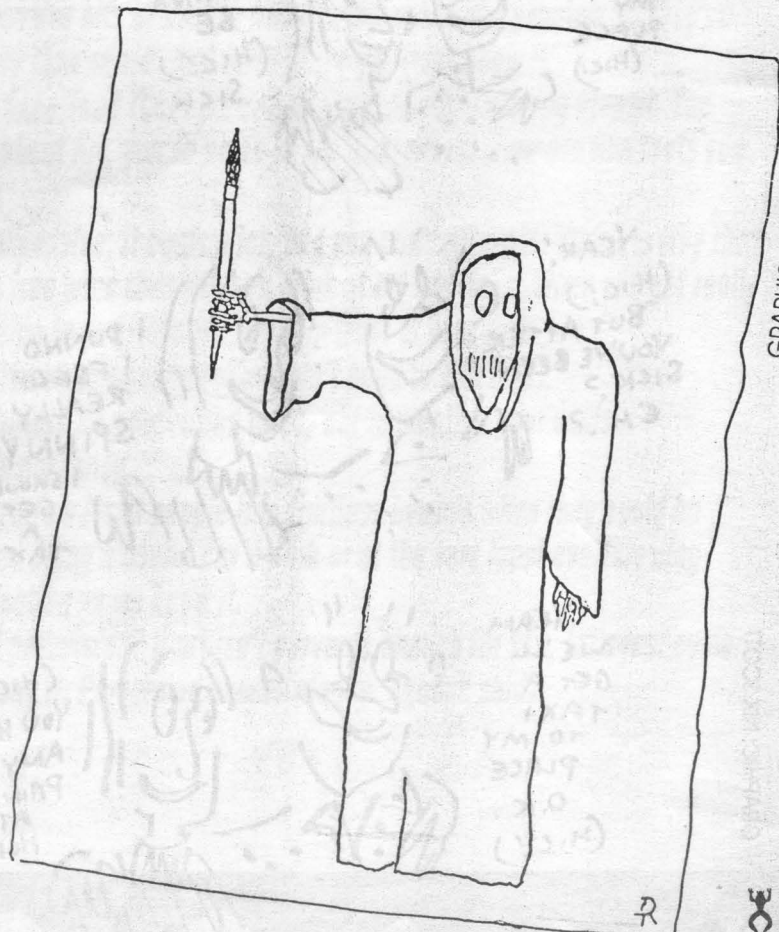
You're in Australia and I'm in New Zealand with insomnia and no cigarettes. There's not a drop of alcohol in this overpriced hotel suite of a flat, the green, green grass of home has all been smoked and the video is broken which is neither here nor there since I'm hard pressed to find a video library with any sense of taste or decency, let alone a wonderful moment in it.

Come back to my small screen Bill Collins, Bill Collins – either that or I'm coming home to you. I want to see you in the flesh tones and not just in my dreams. I want you to put me to sleep all warm inside. Just one wonderful moment with you please, my late night movie presenter.

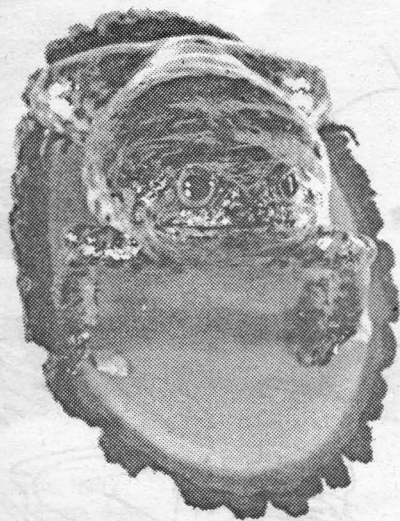
After I woke up to reality and realised it was just a vision.

After twisting the knobs feverishly and finally banging my fist down hard on the top of the box I called Qantas and booked the next flight to 24 hour TV land, ordered a year's subscription to TV Week, renewed my membership to Video Vibes and went back to sleep until morning tea time.

## A BRUSH WITH DEATH



GRAPHIC: DARRELL ROBSON



# The Stuffed Toads

## Some countries don't have Cane Toads to annoy them...

Your very own personalised stuffed toad is now waiting for you to give it the home that it deserves. These little critters have a **thousand and one** uses around the house and garden. Use them as paperweights for those **important** documents that could blow away on the slightest Zephyr or Sirocco and save you **millions of dollars**; prop them up against that door that no matter what you do **keeps swinging open**; of course they make the perfect pair of uniquely **Queensland book-ends**; freak out your cane toad hating friends by leaving one or two in their beds, or basins or **toilets** or fridges or kitchen sinks or **car dashboards**; leave them near hungry kiddies to suck on; put them around the garden to **scare off burglars** and those animals that are constantly

ruining your flower beds; pose them in all sorts of **illegal and immoral** amplexus positions and take explicit photographs that could net you **\$1000's** from sick and degenerate magazine publishers; make crazy cane toad confections using them as moulds...

These toads are the **genuine article**, fresh from the cane fields of Far North Queensland, lovingly stuffed using only the highest quality stuffing, and then mounted on an expertly polished piece of mulga wood. Pretend they're **still alive** by giving them pet names. They love sitting motionless in front of the TV and won't even complain when you watch **Graham Kennedy** or Clive Robertson, and they don't eat much. They won't bore you to death by going on at length about french philosophers or german **psychics** or anything like that and best of all these Cane Toads **never ever quote poetry** to you. And how much would you expect to pay for a **genuine Stuffed Toad**? Well not only do you get the Toad, you also get an **Official Registration Form** that allows your pet's name to be **registered** in the Official Cane Toad Times Stuffed Toad Register Computer Bank. So you can own the toad **forever and ever and** no one can mount any kind of legal or ethical challenge against you, and all it costs you is **\$15 for one, \$28 for two, or get three at the crazy price of \$37!** Post and Packaging included! Each Toad mounted on artistically perverse mulga wood plaque by professional Toad Mounters!

## Give a Toad a decent home!

YES! I must have ..... stuffed toad(s). I enclose \$.....

Please send them to

Name .....

Address .....

Postcode .....

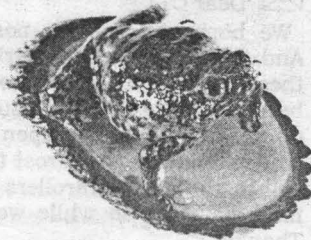
I am paying by ( ) cheque

( ) money order ( ) Bank/Mastercard

No. ....

Signature ..... Expiry Date .....

SEND TO: P.O. Box 321 WOOLLOONGABBA 4102





Dear CTT

Some of us are browned just right. Some of us are burnt beyond recognition. And some of us are so pale that we could be passed off as white.

The Toasts of Christmas Past

Dear CTT

Hey! Want to feel my fur? \$20. How about a beak job? I tell ya, I'm no slouch hat when it comes down to it.

EXPO Oz  
King's Cross

Dear CTT

Bitch! Muthafucka! Tramp! Why I oughta tear ya goddamn face off. It'll be a fuckin cold day in hell when I give you anything more than a few uppercuts to the head.

The Mike Tyson Marriage Manual  
Page One

Dear CTT

Justice? Don't talks to me about justice. He tries to backdoor me goilfriend every time I so much as leave the house... I gets permanent heartburn from guzzling tin after tin of - Bletch! - spinach trying to cripp... err... exercise a bit of behavior modification on him in the interests of rehabilitatatisation, and what happens? Guess who gets to be president of Pakistan.

Popeye  
The Sailing Man's Retirement Home  
Miami

Dear CTT

TOP SECRET! DO NOT READ THIS!  
George Bush is a CIA plant. No really. We were just fooling around with the new bio-engineering gear downstairs... you know, trying to come up with a improved nuclear powered elephant that hates commies, and someone bumped Operative 'Trigger' O'Reilly's favourite bonzai. The rest, as they say, is history. As you will be soon. Who do you think had us start up the Greenhouse Effect?

The staff of the Weird Stuff Division  
Already down in the shelter

Dear CTT

Chirrup... Chirrup... Chirrup... Chirrup... Chirrup... Chirrup... Chirrup... Chirrup... Chirrup... Chirrup...

A Cricket team  
The Gabba

Dear CTT

I just got this fabulous minimalist tapestry for less than 2 million. It's a deeply evocative work on the media portrayal of migrants by a Greek-Australian woman who used an old Pro Hart canvas as the starting point. Care for another glass of M&T?

James Mollison  
At a free piss-up  
The Gallery

Dear CTT

We were succulent. We were rare in the middle. We weren't cheap. Best of all, we contained absolutely no DDT or any other chemicals.

The Roasts of Christmas past

Dear CTT

I don't know much about the decaying atmosphere, but yesterday morning a team of people in white coats burst into my house, rushed into the backyard, dismantled my hot house and took it away. Now all my vegies have died. Is this a direct result of this Greenhouse Effect I've heard so much about?

A Berk  
The Backyard

Dear CTT

You'll probably be receiving letters about me from a disgruntled sailor. It's just an ugly part of modern politics. Reagan had John Hinkley - I get Edwin 'Popeye' Heinnerman, a diet deficient weirdo with hook marks all down both arms.

It's all a crazy mistaken fantasy. And besides I've changed completely since then. Thanks. Zia real soon.

President Bluto  
Islamabad?

Not if you've got air conditioning.

Dear CTT

I strongly object to obviously deformed members of our association being passed off as so called "wonder-wire". We are not, and have never been, possessed of the power to accomplish anything other than the primary function for which we were created.

Sid Bridge  
Secretary

Coat Hangers Association Of Australia

Dear CTT

Could you use a joke? You see there's this guy in the bar drinking, right? And this other bloke comes up to him and says, "Is that your pet Cane Toad outside?" And the first guy says, "Yeah, why do you ask?" And the second guy says, "Coz my elephant just fucked it." "What like this?" says the first guy (indicating sexual intercourse with a thrusting motion of his hips and miming gaffer-tape being wrapped around said toad). "No, like this," says the other bloke. (indicating sudden death by squashing with his feet).

A zany dude  
Life of the party

At a Christmas function near you.  
P.S. If you don't use this joke could you forward it on to Hey, Hey It's Saturday.  
P.P.S. I have more.

Dear CTT

There is absolutely no way that the EXPO sky needle, purchased by one of our members, will be used to inject tonnes of heroin into the suburb of South Brisbane.

The Secretary  
Old Hairdressers Assoc.

Dear CTT

We hope you got the postcards from Andromeda. Having a terrific time but these package tours are too hectic. We'll be home soon so could you please turn on the heating again, open the holes to let the ozone clear, defrost the poles and call in the pest controllers if any mammals have got in while we were away. Thanks.

All the dinosaurs  
In a spaceship on the way back

Dear CTT

Gee, it's harder than it looks on television.

Chris Matthews  
Obscurity  
Western Australia

Dear CTT

You wanna know why we stopped people using punctuation for addresses? Coz some smart asshole was trafficking LSD in the full stops on letters to the Qld Hairdressers Association.

The Mail Sorting Machine  
Lapsed into a comma  
Central Mail Exchange

Dear CTT

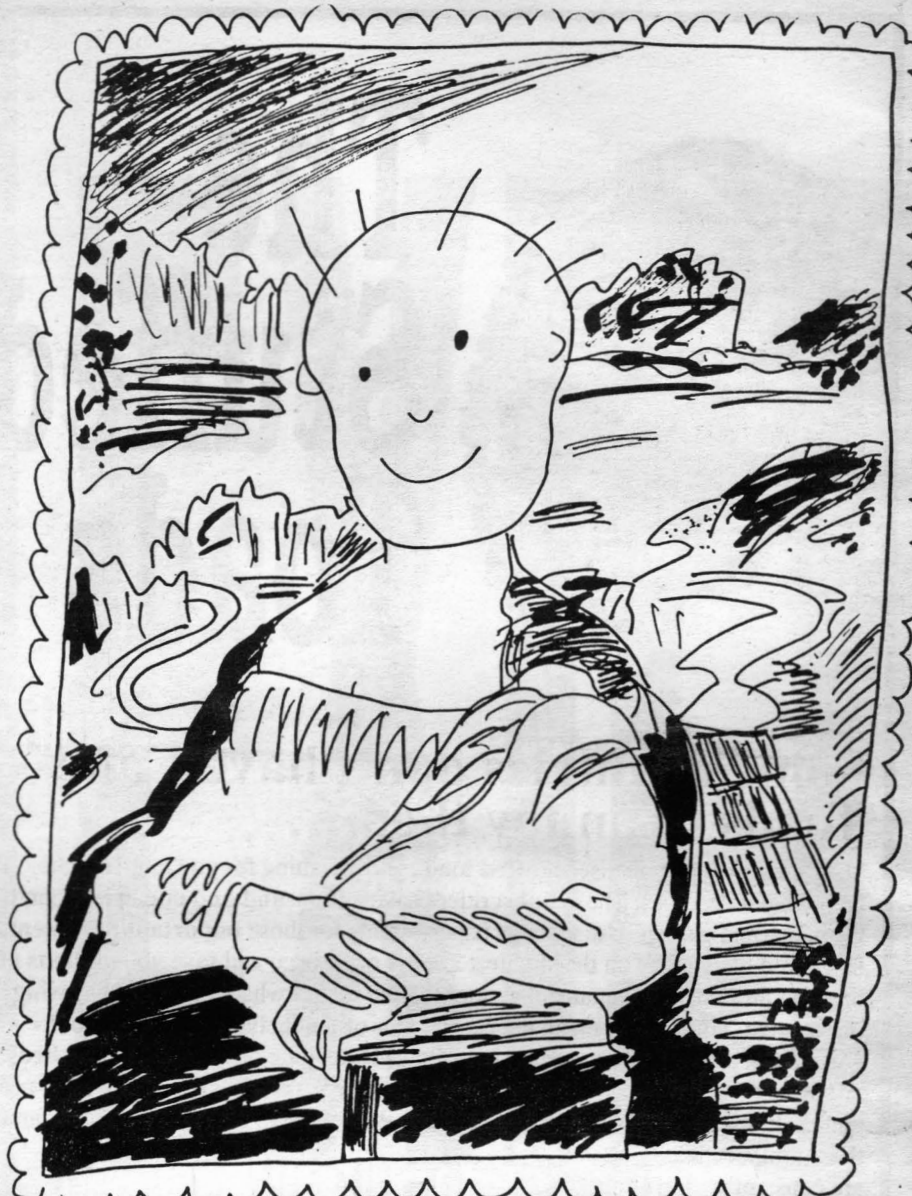
Honestly it was really hard being that rich and that fat!

Christina Onassis  
Poor Little Rich Girl

Dear CTT

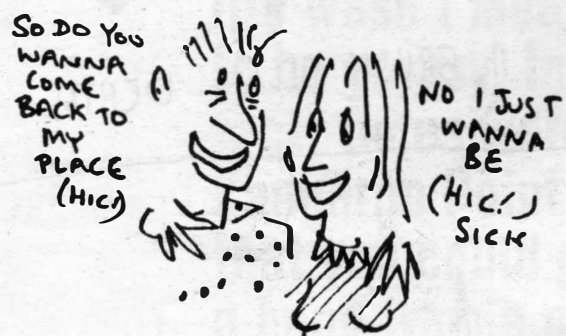
You know how it always says, "The driver was taken to hospital and treated for shock" after a tragedy involving children killed on the train tracks? It's a load of bullshit. They're down at the pub shouting for all their mates. They get \$2000 for every one they knock over and \$5000 for twins.

A concerned citizen  
Blowing the gaff on misuse of public funds

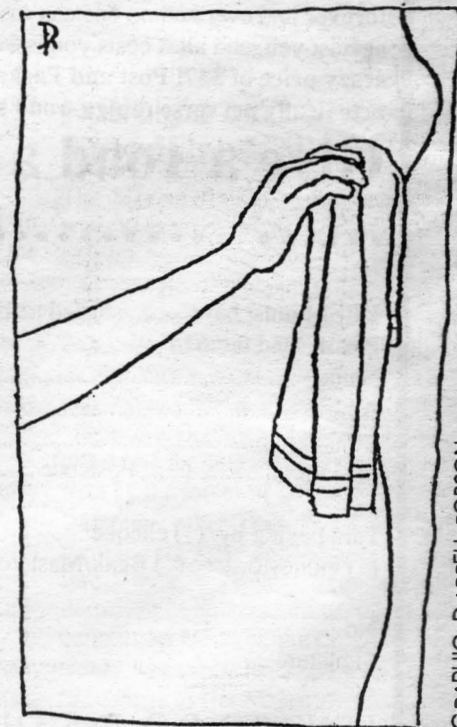


GRAPHIC: BRIAN PETERSON

## SMOOTH OPERATOR



GRAPHIC: NIK SCOTT



GRAPHIC: DARRELL ROBSON

RUSSELL  
DRIES DALE



# Cane Toad Times Chronoscope

## JANUARY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
New Year's Day Relax			Only 362 days to Xmas	Make a Wish		
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
National Fart Day	Poison the Neighbours	CTT #7 Published 1987			Iran Iraq war begins 2156 BC	Devil Jones becomes David Bowie 1968
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	Paul McCartney Busted 1960			JOK & Jodie Joplin born 1935	Ozzy Osbourne Busted 1982	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Full Moon	Johnny La Rue Day			Invasion Day 1788		
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
Molly Meldrum Born 1948	Lamington's Invented 1933					
29	30	31				

## FEBRUARY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Cane Toads released in Australia 1935	Chinese New Year of the Snake	Take Out The Garbage	National Underwear Festival	Bill Haley Twists Out 1961	Sid Vicious OD's 1979	Alex Harvey OD's 1982
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Sal Mineo Murdered 1976		Valentine's Day, Dollar Bill Day 1968		Sonny Bono Born 1935		Yoko Ono Born 1933
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Bon Scott OD's 1980		Full Moon	Ron Wood Busted 1980		V8's Invented 1937	Woody Wood Born 1957
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Start The Great Australian Novel						
26	27	28				

## MARCH

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
John Belushi Dead 1982	Labour Day WA & Tas		International Women's Day	Booze Invented 1,4 Billion BC		International Hangover Day
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	Labour Day Vic		Severe The Kiss	Check Letterbox for CTT #13		
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	Canberra Day	Equinox	Full Moon	Thank God It's Friday		Aetha Franklin Born 1943
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Easter Bunny Rises	Happy Holiday	Bank Holiday Tas & Vic				
26	27	28	29	30	31	

## APRIL

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
April Fools' Day						World Ends Today
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
		Tell 3 Jokes Today	Bathe with a Friend		Ramadan Begins	Sell an Internal Organ
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Dusty Springfield Born 1939					1967 Pop Born 1947	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Roy Orbison Born 1938		Digger's Day Off	Guilt Invented AD		Full Moon	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
Purchase a Newspaper Empire						
30						

## MAY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Id-Ul-Fitr	Gay Glitter Born 1944	Randy Tuesday	Bono Born 1960	Bob Marley Brain Dead 1981	Shoes Invented 5209 BC	Odor Eaters Invented 5209 BC
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Mother's Day				Ian Curtis Hung Up 1980	Joey Ramone Born 1952	CTT #14 Deadline
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Full Moon			Bob Dylan Born 1941			
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
Complain To a Politician		Go and Get Pleased	Last Day of Autumn			
28	29	30	31			

## JUNE

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	Foundation Day WA	Speak in Tongue	CTT #5 Released 1986	Join The Werlocks Society	Second Day of Winter	Buy a Pet Goat
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Do Silly Things		CTT #2 Released 1984		Richard Pryor Burnt Frying 1980		
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	Full Moon	Make pet Sacrifice	Winter Solstice	James Honeymoon Scott Dies 1982		Become a Witch
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Put Something Warm On		Form a Theory	Start of Fitzgerald Inquiry 1987			
25	26	27	28	29	30	

## JULY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Mid day of the Year	Brian Jones Drowns 1969	So Called Independence Day USA	So Called Independence Day USA			Dabbe Harry Born 1948
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	Go Sking	Alan Memores Erased 1987	Full Moon	Battle Day 1789		
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Buy New Underwear				Yanks land on Moon 1969		Still Signs Elvis 1978
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	Ian's Dog Died 1984	International Think about things Day		Moma Cass Chooses Out 1974		
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

## AUGUST

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Cars Invented 1898	Used Car Salespersons Invented 1896	Jobs Said Hold On 1987	Lillian Roxon Died 1973	Lenny Bruce OD's 1968		
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	Woodstock 1969	CTT #15 Deadline, Elvis OD's 1978	Full Moon	Sleep with your Best Friend		Edison Invents Sound Recording 1877
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	Marlin Invented 1872		All Drugs Legalised			
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
Brian Epstein Served to Death 1967		Michael Jackson Born 1958				
27	28	29	30	31		

## SEPTEMBER

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Father's Day	Destroy a Relationship			Keith Moon OD's 1978	Star Trek premieres 1966	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
		Monkees Debut on TV 1966	LA Slides Into The Ocean	Full Moon	Marco Bolan Crashes 1977	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	Jim Hendrix OD's 1970		Jim Croce OD's 1973	Talk To Aliens		James Dean Crashes 1955
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	John Bonham Dead Drunk 1980					
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

## OCTOBER

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Alr Conditioning Invented 1902	Groucho Marx Born 1895	David Lee Roth Born 1955	Nancy Spungen Dead 1978	Sid Vicious Arrested 1978		Joe Cocker Busted in Adelaide 1972
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Full Moon	Make New Friends	Russian Revolution 1917	Deadline CTT #16	Lynyrd Skynyrd Burns to Death 1977		Jack Kenosac Leaves the Road 1969
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	Take a Sickle		Picasso Born 1881			Broas Dead 42 BC
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
		God Of Wealth Born 3587 BC, Halloween				
29	30	31				

## NOVEMBER

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Guy Fawkes 1782	First H Bomb 1951	Camus, Trotsky & Marie Curie Born	Pusch 1923	Melbourne Cup Day, or is that next week?		Guru Nanak Born 529BC
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Charles Manson Born 1934	Full Moon	First Marvel Comic 1939	Freud Discovers Cocaine	Shed Discovered 35000 BC		Maintain your Raging
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
		Islamic New Year	Marlene Faithful Busted 1979			
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Tina Turner Born 1938		God of Snail Post Born 1409	Last chance to get rich in November			
26	27	28	29	30		

## DECEMBER

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						Australia Pulls Out Of Vietnam 1972
						CTT #4 Released 1985
	Mike Aherm Tosses Joh			CTT #1 Published 1983	Australia Post Killer Strikes 1987	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
John Lennon Shot 1979	Check Letterbox for CTT #16	Take Away Food Invented AD 1215	Full Moon	Office Xmas Party	Contract an S.T.D.	Hound of Music 1988
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
		Learn Something			Summer Solstice, Stay cool	Transistors Invented 1947
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	Xmas Day	Boding Day				Get some Condone
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
New Years Eve PARTY						
31						



HANDS UP  
WHO LIKES  
ME!! 3



COULD  
SECOND  
SOMEBODY  
THAT?



GRIMM

# Cane Toad Times

The Eccentric Voice